

THE BEE

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THE DURHAM SCHOOL

DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD'S SUCCESS.

His Tour in the North and East With Ex-Gov. Glenn and Judge J. C. Pritchard, of North Carolina, Creates Enthusiasm.

New York City, Jan. 31. Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, N. C., one of the most remarkable men in the colored race, is in this city, stopping at Hotel Victoria. He has a very commanding appearance, and is a well read young man.

The correspondent who has accompanied him, Ex-Gov. Glenn of North Carolina and Judge J. C. Pritchard, on their tour in the North and East, in the interest of the National Religious Training School at Durham, N. C., has a great deal to say concerning the success in this section of the country. Everywhere these gentlemen have spoken the people have responded liberally, because the claims of this distinguished young man are presented in a manner by Ex-Gov. Glenn and Judge Pritchard that are effective. Gov. Glenn spoke before the Century Club of Boston, Mass., last Saturday evening in an eloquent and appealing manner. January 28th at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, he addressed the Press Club.

Tuesday afternoon Judge Pritchard spoke before the Minerva Club, and in the evening before the Women's Federation Club.

Last Sunday evening Dr. Shepard spoke at Ridgewood, N. J., before a large and distinguished audience. The people of this section of the country seem to appreciate the work of the National Religious Training School, of which Dr. Shepard is president, and will do all they can for the uplift of the Negro in the South.

Wherever these gentlemen have spoken the work of the school is fully set forth. Dr. Shepard will leave here tomorrow night and spend Sunday in Washington on his return to North Carolina.

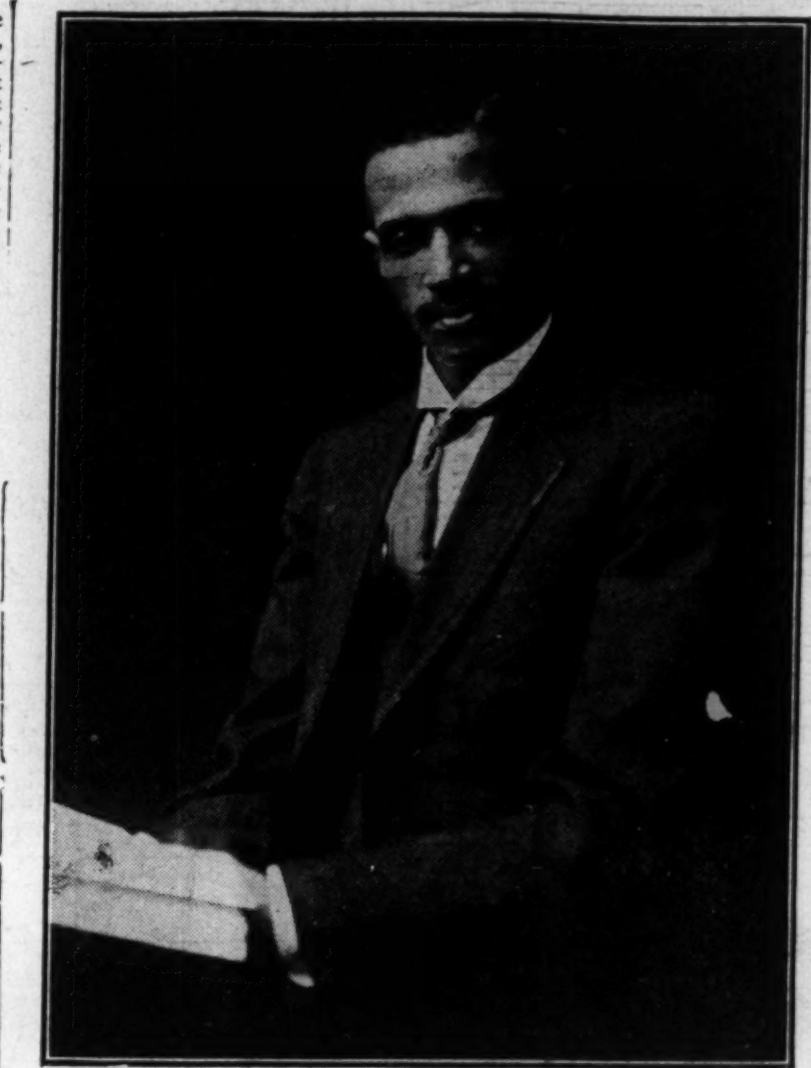
Educators in Politics.

When Seth Lowe was drafted from the presidency of Columbia University to become mayor of New York City, people applauded the induction into public life of an educator as an awakening of the people to the betterment of civic conditions. When the newspapers carried the announcement that President Taft had offered the post of Ambassador to England to President Charles Eliot, of Harvard College, the editorial columns of metropolitan and

rural newspapers throughout the country, reflecting public sentiment, approved of the selection of so eminent an educator as President Eliot for so important a position in public life. When the people of New Jersey called Woodrow Wilson from the presidency of Princeton College to the Governorship of that State, his transition from college president to Governor of State was hailed by the people in and out of New Jersey as the turning from the selfish, narrow politician to the broad-minded, public-spirited, unselfish educator. And no men are more unselfish than educators. In each case where the educator has voluntarily stepped from the school room into public office it has been regarded as an evidence of progress in the eminent domain of public service. These men did not seek the office, the office sought them. They did not harrange the people to their support; the people voluntarily, spontaneously, for public weal, went to their support.

When Dr. Booker T. Washington is called upon by public men high in authority for advice and suggestions, relative to policies that are primed for the advancement of the race, they call upon him knowing that he is a broad-minded, unselfish educator whose life is devoted to uplift, and the call upon the Doctor is applauded by every Negro, save those who lack ability or energy, or both, to pull themselves up by their own boot straps, as an evidence that the men in power, wanting to be of real service to the whole race, elect to call upon the best advised, the most unselfish, and the sincerest men the race possesses. Seth Lowe was not a politician. President Eliot never manipulated politics, and Woodrow Wilson never entered the political field voluntarily and for selfish ends. And Dr. Washington never volunteered his advice to public officials to simply advance the condition of a single or a few individuals. His advice, when called for, has been given with the single aim in view of advancing the conditions, directly and indirectly, of ten millions of blacks—not of one, or two, or a dozen. And let it be understood that Dr. Washington has never given advice favorable to or in approval of a single principle or policy, the inauguration or adoption of which carried a "sleeper" inimical to race advancement. Dr. Washington, now and always, stands for the race, the whole race, foes and friends alike, as God gives him light to see it.

It's a splendid impetus to civic pride and duty when the active services of educators can be had in public life. And the more educators like Lowe, Eliot, Wilson, Washington and others, who become active for public weal, the greater and more rapid will be the advancement of the masses. The selfish



DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD, President of the National Religious Training School at Durham, N. C., who has been touring the North with Judge Pritchard and ex-Gov.

politicians say educators are dreamers, but be reminded that the night dreams of educators always, sooner or later, crystallize into lofty, ideal day realities.

PRaises Southern Negro.

Judge Pritchard, of North Carolina, Wants to Educate Him.

From the New York Tribune.

Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of Asheville, N. C., is in New York in the interest of the National Religious Training School and Chautauqua for Negro preachers. The school, which is at Durham, N. C., is now in its first session, and has more than 100 in attendance. Gen. Julian Carr, of

North Carolina, has given his support, and Brodie L. Duke, one of the tobacco millionaires, gave the 30 acres of land on which it is situated. A large auditorium has been built, and more than \$40,000 contributed.

"There are 30,000 Negro preachers in the country, and a large portion of them are illiterate," said Judge Pritchard recently at the Hotel Manhattan. "We want to train them in good citizenship, something the entire country needs. Nowhere is this need recognized more than in the South. If a war should break out, I believe Southern men would be more ready to fight for the country's flag than those in any other section, and all the Negroes would follow if the white men led. The Southern Negro has enormous confidence in the decent, thinking white man, and any thought of race equality is abhorrent to him. The Negro who advocates equality is the worst enemy of his race."

Judge Pritchard is circuit judge of the Fourth Federal district, and has jurisdiction over Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina and North Carolina. He went to the United States Senate to fill out Senator Zebulon Vance's unexpired term, and then was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. After a year at that he was appointed to his present position on the death of Judge Simonon, of Charleston, S. C.

JUDGE J. C. PRITCHARD COMES TO AID NEGRO.

South in Sympathy With Efforts for Their Uplift, Says Asheville (N. C.) Jurist—More Missions Are Needed. Tells of the Work of the National Religious Training School in Durham is Doing for Them.

From the New York Times. Judge J. C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court district which includes Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia and North and South Carolina, has arrived in the city from his home in Asheville, N. C., for a week's

speechmaking in behalf of the movement for bettering the condition of the Southern Negro. He is speaking particularly in the interests of the National Religious Training School of Durham, N. C.

"There never has been a time since emancipation," he said recently, "when a majority of the white people of the South were not friendly to the Negro as an individual. For years after the close of the civil war the colored people were confronted with a situation that was critical in the extreme. The efforts of the North in their behalf were, from the very nature of things, misunderstood by the South, while the efforts of those of the South who really felt an interest in their welfare were misunderstood north of the Mason and Dixon line."

"Fortunately, this condition has disappeared, and a majority of the people of all sections are now in hearty sympathy with the colored people in their efforts to elevate their race. The colored people of North Carolina have been upright in their dealings and avoided places of dissipation are accorded all the rights to which they are entitled under the laws, and possess the confidence of the whites."

As showing the attitude of the white people of the South and their willingness to grant the Negro educational facilities, he told of the effort to have a constitutional amendment passed to permit the Negroes to have for educational purposes only such sums as were raised from taxes on property owned by Negroes. The sentiment against this measure throughout the State was so strong, he said, that the matter was dropped before it could be brought before the Legislature.

But Judge Pritchard said much remains to be done in improving the condition of the Negro, and he intimated that some of the money spent for foreign missions might better be used for this purpose.

"Christians to-day are contributing more than ever before," he said, "to the uplift of mankind in foreign lands, and it is proper that they should. But the obligation to care for those in our midst is greater and if possible more imperative. Until we have remedied conditions at home, home missions should keep pace with foreign missions."

One of the greatest men of the Negro race, he said, was Dr. James E. Shepard, who had founded in Durham, N. C., a school for the benefit of his race. The Negroes are taken there, he said, and while they are being taught in industrial courses they imbibe ideas of the attitude toward life that is calculated to advance best their interests. At the summer session it is planned to have courses for settlement workers, missionaries, evangelists, and Young Men's Christian Association secretaries, and to have literary and industrial courses so that those who can attend the school may come under its influence.

"There are about 30,000 Negro ministers in the United States," said the Judge, "and of these only about 10 per cent are trained. It is the hope of Dr. Shepard to reach these untrained ministers and direct them along practical lines."

Mr. Woodward's Death.

The Law Department of Howard University adopted resolutions in commemoration of the death of Thomas P. Woodward. The committee on resolutions was Messrs. W. J. Green, O. D. Grady, and A. McDowell.

Show Authority.

Persons who are going around the city holding themselves out as advertising agents or representatives of The Bee should be required to show their credentials. There are several impostors soliciting for this paper who have no authority. The public is warned.

Send one dollar for a year's subscription for The Bee. Take advantage of the low rate now.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Mrs. Ella Knowles Haskell, the famous woman lawyer, former assistant attorney general of Montana, was buried last week in Montana. Mrs. Haskell was a native of North Ridge, N. H. She had won many notable mining cases and leaves a considerable fortune.

Mrs. Hetty Green, now seventy years of age, after having handled her millions profitably for half a century, has turned the management over to her only son, Col. Edward H. R. Green, whose success in the Southwest has convinced his mother that he is capable of handling her enormous fortune.

Mr. James H. Tilghman, of Chicago, Ill., has given \$1,000 for the colored Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, Ill., the largest sum as yet given by a colored man.

It is said Dr. W. P. Thirkield has withdrawn the colored medical students from attending the lectures given by Dr. White, of the Government Hospital for the Insane, because of the objection by the white students of George Washington University.

Miss Mary Desha, one of the founders of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and one of the best known figures in patriotic circles in the United States, died quite suddenly last week.

More than \$20,000 has been raised, according to John Jov Edson, for the construction of a memorial statue to the late Father D. J. Stafford, former pastor of St. Patrick's church.

At the annual meeting of the General Educational Board, Fisk University is one of the beneficiaries of appropriations aggregating \$70,000, which were made to ten institutions, Fisk being the only colored institute.

The Armour Company, of Chicago, is completing its plans for pensions for their aged employees, it is said.

After using a "new seal" for the last fifty years, the city of Richmond will soon have a duplicate of the original seal of the city, and the use of the more modern one will be discontinued.

Undergraduates of Howard University law school, at a special meeting adopted resolutions of regret for the death of Prof. Thomas Woodward. Sympathy was extended to the family of the dead educator.

Mrs. W. P. Thirkield, wife of President Thirkield, of Howard University, delivered an address last Sunday afternoon at the colored Y. M. C. A. vesper services at 4 o'clock.

Relative to the report of Walter A. Brown, of the Board of Trade, relative to the House of Detention being a disgrace to the city, Maj. Sylvester received a report from Sergt. C. L. Bode, declaring that no such conditions as described by Mr. Brown ever existed.

The passage of a Curfew law was urged at the quarterly meeting of the W. C. T. U. at the Metropolitan Baptist Church. The members declared that they would give their hearty cooperation and support in securing the passage of the bill.

There seems to be a fight on hand between the citizens and Board of Education relative to Major Brook resigning.

By the terms of the will of Bishop Abraham Grant, of the African Methodist Church, the greater part of his estate, amounting to \$250,000, was bequeathed to Payne Theological Seminary, of Ohio, and Paul Quinn College, of Waco, Texas.

The fiftieth anniversary of the admission of Kansas as a State, was celebrated last week.

One delegate from each of the eighty lodges of the United Order of True Reformers will attend the extra session, February 25, at Richmond, Va., the purpose of which is to reorganize the order.

Japan, including Formosa, has an area of 161,160 square miles, it is said. Much of this is mountainous and only 20,000 square miles is cultivated, yet this area feeds a population of nearly 50,000,000.

Application has been made in Nashville, Tenn., for the charter of a National Home and Farm for Destitute Colored Children. Fifty acres at Pogram Station has been donated for the home by Dr. R. F. Boyd, it is stated.

Captain John Daley, of the Ninth Precinct, has started a crusade against storekeepers under cigarette law, as several school boys of nine and ten years admit making purchases at stores in the northeast sections.

Maj. Gen. Frederick D. Grant, U. S. A., who has just returned from Porto Rico, said: "I have nothing but praise for the Porto Rican soldiers. They are efficient, active, able soldiers, excellent in field work and discipline."

January 30th was said to be the hottest day on record in Texas. The temperature was 88 degrees. Warm weather prevailed for four days.

The Chinese New Year began January 30. The Chinamen in this city observed it by festivities continuing for eight days.

A pension of \$3,300 a month will be paid to the deposed King Manuel by the Portuguese Government, according to reports. It is said that a check for October, November and December has been sent to him already.

Chamber of Commerce appointed a sub-committee to fight the Peters bill now pending in Congress for the abolition of the Board of Education and the substitution of a director of education under the Commissioners.

President Taft has promised to visit Berry School, near Rome, Ga., while on his Southern tour. Berry School is doing for the poor whites what Tuskegee is for the Southern Negro.

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What an Earthquake Is.

"An earthquake," writes Frank A. Perret, formerly honorary assistant at the Royal Vesuvian observatory, in Century, "is an undulating vibration of the ground resulting from some sudden movement of the underlying strata. This may be produced by a volcanic explosion, the breaking of a stratum of rock under strain or the sudden intrusion of lava between the strata or into a fracture, the types respectively known as volcanic, tectonic and intercalaneous. My own impression in experiencing these shocks was that of a rubbing together of masses under pressure, which throws the adjoining material into vibration. If you put a little water into a thin, wide mouthed crystal goblet, wet the finger tip and rub it around the rim, a sound will be produced and the water will be set in vibration like the ground waves of an earthquake."

When Harvard Was Young.

Harvard, the first college, founded in 1636, continued for more than fifty years to be the only college. It was established by vote of the general court of Massachusetts Bay, which agreed to give \$400 toward its endowment. Two years later this endowment was more than doubled by the bequest of John Harvard, who left half of his property and his entire library of 300 volumes to the college. The conditions of admission were few. To matriculate it was necessary to know "so much Latin as was sufficient to understand fully or any classical author and to meter and speak true Latin in prose and verse." The student was required "to be able to decline the paradigms of Greek nouns and verbs." Each class was also required to study theology in a form probably not unlike that of the Westminster catechism.—Scrap Book.

Why Do Seals Swallow Stones?

No nature student seems yet to have discovered for what reason seals swallow stones, though the fact is a well established one. Certainly the stones are not taken in for ballast, for the empty seals keep down as easily as the others. They are not swallowed for the purpose of grinding up food, for they are found in the stomachs of nursing pups. They are not taken in with the food because they are found in the stomachs of both young seals and in those that live in the open sea and feed on squid. Yet it is evident that these things are not swallowed haphazard, but are selected with considerable care from the articles strewn along the shore, and that a preference is exhibited for rounded objects. This is shown by the fact that, as a rule, only articles of one kind are found in any one seal's stomach.

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According to consular reports, in a few years Germany in all likelihood will consume nothing but imported meats. There is an immense decrease noted in the number of animals for slaughter, according to last count, made October 10, 1910.

Jack Johnson sent Christmas greeting telegrams to James J. Jeffries and Tommy Burns, both of whom he came out victorious when in battle.

A series of inoculation experiments which may mark an epoch in the history of abdominal surgery, will shortly be made the basis of a new preventive treatment for peritonitis at one of the great London hospitals.

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila, celebrated his seventy-third birthday anniversary last Monday. Many prominent diplomats and army and navy officials called on the admiral to congratulate him.

John Gray, the inventor, a prominent member of the British Association, has just concluded a long series of experiments in what he calls new phenology. It is done by having colored light flashes thrown into the eye.

The Wright Company will settle an annuity of approximately \$1,000 upon the widow and children of Ralph Johnstone, the aviator killed in a Wright biplane at Denver, Colo.

John D. Rockefeller sent all the school teachers at the Pocantico Hills and Sleepy Hollow schools a \$10 gold piece.

Miss Helen M. Gould gave a turkey and cranberries to every employee on her estate. She also gave \$5 and \$10 gold pieces to the telephone girls at Tarrytown and Irvington exchanges, and to the express and freight agents.

The Christmas gift of 537 acres of land at Mount Braddock, near Uniontown, Pa., to be used as a site for charitable and correctional institutions, has been announced. The tract is valued at \$100,000.

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Every pleasure is acquired at the cost of suffering. The price of real pleasure is paid in advance; for wrong pleasure one pays after.—John Foster.

Longchump—Did she give any reason for refusing you? Hardit—Reason? No; that's the woman of it. Simply said she did not love me.

Mrs. Cannibal—You haven't a single redeeming trait. Cannibal—Oh, there's some good in me. I have just eaten a missionary.—New York Press.

Mr. S.—Do you and I agree on anything? Mrs. S.—Yes; each of us believes that one of us is poorly mated.—Illustrated Bits.

"Why do they always make pictures of Cupid without any clothes?" "So he won't ever be out of style."—Cleveland Leader.

"Demosthenes talked with pebbles in his mouth, my son." "He must have made a rocky speech, pa."—New York Press.

She—How conceitedly that man talks! He is an actor? He—Worse than that! He's an amateur actor.—Life.

"They say he has a coarse streak in him." "I should say that he had a refined streak in him."—Puck.

"Do you keep a second girl?" "No; my wife isn't strong enough to wait on more than one."—Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Knicker—What did you do when she stole your cook? Mrs. Subbubs—Stole her dressmaker.—New York Sun.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat." "All right, sir. Will you have it too short or too long?"—Fliegende Blätter.

Little Girl—What's an intelligence office, mamma? Mother—It's where one goes to find out what wages cooks are charging.—New York Herald.

"Is this new business you're going into tentative?" "No, it ain't. It's dry goods."—Baltimore American.

Teacher—Can any one in the class tell me what a lawsuit is? Small Boy—Yes, ma'am, I can. It's a suit worn by a policeman.—Exchange.

Up to a certain point exposure to radium rays stimulates the germination of seeds, but if that point is passed the growth is stopped.

"Fusil" was the old name for the flintlock to distinguish it from the matchlock, and fusiliers were those who carried fusils.

The double entry system of book-keeping now in common use was first practiced in Italy in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

In Scotland the corn and grass fields are divided into spaces twenty to thirty yards wide by a furrow made by a plow. These are termed rigs.

John Brown was executed at Harper's Ferry on Oct. 2, 1859. It was shortly after 11 o'clock in the morning. Two thousand soldiers were ranged around the scaffold when he was brought from his prison house and placed in a wagon which was to convey him to the scene of execution.

Man in Hard Luck—I am reduced to the painful expedient of asking you to buy the diamonds in my wife's jewelry and to replace them with imitations. Jeweler (examining the jewels)—Your wife evidently has preceded you in evolving that clever plan.—Jewelers' Circular.

There is a seventeen-year-old girl in Atchison who feels so good that she almost screams with joy. In a few years when we meet that girl pushing a baby buggy and looking as cross as it is possible for a married woman to look we are sure we shall laugh.—Atchison Globe.

Bullets of paper or tallow produce far greater damage than metal ones when used for short distance firing. A paper bullet passing through six pieces of tin placed one foot apart buckled them up and made them useless, whereas a metal bullet merely left a small round hole.

The Sword Swallower—I'm in a great quandary. Manager—What's the matter? The Sword Swallower—I asked the two headed girl to marry me, and only one of her accepted! Manager—What's the matter with the other of her? The Sword Swallower—She's afraid of bigamy!

Father—What! Another dressmaker's bill? My dear girl, you should fix your mind on something higher than dress. Daughter—So I have, papa. I've got my mind fixed on a love of a hat in a downtown milliner's window, and, just think, it's only \$19.98! You'll get it for me, won't you, papa, dear?

Percy (exhibiting a bromide enlargement of kodak snapshot of himself riding a donkey)—See, Dick, I had this taken when I was away during the holidays. Do you think it does me justice? Dick—Why, yes, rather. But who's the awkward rider on your back?—New York Times.

"Which side is your member of congress on in this attack on corporate wealth?" "Well," answered Farmer Cornotson, "I haven't heard him say much one way or another, but I reckon that, as usual, he's on the inside."—Washington Star.

When a man tells his wife of an increase in his wages she doesn't burst out in congratulations. She has an absentminded look in her eyes as if calculating just about how many yards it will take for a dress she had hitherto felt that she couldn't afford.—Atchison Globe.

Citizen—What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone? Uncle Rastus—About \$2, sah. Citizen—Isn't that very high? Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, jes' fo' cahin' away the stone, but I got ter hire a man ter he'p me hahness de mule.—Harper's Bazar.

The young man leading a dog lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station and inquired: "Must I—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—Universalist Leader.

"Do you think the climate affects a man's energies?" "Undoubtedly," answered the leisurely person. "When the weather's cloudy you haven't the ambition to work, and then when it's fair it seems a shame to shut yourself up in an office."—Washington Star.

"Yes, the brother and sister both married for titles." "I don't understand." "She married to get the title of countess, and he married to get the title for one of the finest pieces of property to be found in the city."—Cleveland Leader.

Eva—Why did you refuse him? Edna—He was too economical. Eva—But I thought you said the young man you accepted would have to be economical?

Edna—But he was too much so. He actually proposed on a postcard.—London Express.

"Eggs For Invalids" read the sign at a certain shop. "What is there unusual about those eggs?" asked a curious observer.

"Why, them eggs is an absolute novelty," said the dealer briskly, adding impressively in awed tones, "them eggs is fresh."—Liverpool Mercury.

The seal of Oliver Cromwell, now in the possession of a prominent family in Wales, is a plain, gold mounted corundum stone five-eighths of an inch in diameter. It dates from 1653 and was used on several of Cromwell's deeds. All the Lord's prayer is engraved on it.—London Gentlewoman.

He (wondering if Bertie Williams has been accepted)—Are both your rings heirlooms?

She (concealing her hand)—Oh, dear, yes. One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer (blushing)—only dates from the conquest.—London Mail.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal ceremony. This wed included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the fourth finger of the left.

"What's the matter, old man?" "Oh, I've just had a quarrel with my wife."

"Well, forget and forgive." "I can never forgive her. You see, I was in the wrong."

"Then in that case demand an apology." Carlotta Grisi complained to Rossini that Giulio Grisi's success as a singer obliged her to fall back upon the dancer's profession.

"What would you more, my child?" he replied. "Giulio has stolen the nightingale's voice, but she has left you its wings."

"It's awfully late," I remarked to my friend after an extra long whilst bout at the club. "What will you say to your wife?"

"Oh, I shan't say much, you know," was the reply; "Good morning, dear, or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

"Don't you think that fellow who broke his engagement because the girl went to the jeweler to find the price of the ring a bit sensitive?"

"I think he was wise. A woman like that would be wanting her husband to keep an account of his private expenses."—Exchange.

A Sponge Garden. A beautiful effect may be obtained by means of a damp sponge and a few seeds. Take a large piece of coarse sponge and cut it into any shape desired. Then soak it in water, squeeze half dry and sprinkle in the openings red clover seed, millet, barley, grass, rice, oats—any or all of these. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines at least part of the day.—Country Life in America.

His Prophecy. Hannibal, the illustrious general, driven to despair by his enemies, had taken poison and had laid himself down to die.

"Anyhow," he said, "my name will live in history." His foresight was unerring.

Two thousand years later a town in Missouri was named in his honor.—Chicago Tribune.

London, Ex-Watering Place. Time was when London was a watering place, whose wells, if not rivaling Bath or Harrogate, were widely famed and frequented by people from all quarters. In South London there were quite a number of spas, Lambeth wells, which sold water for a penny a quart and gave it to the poor for nothing. St. George's wells, Epsomham wells and Dulwich wells being the best known.—London Graphic.

Deep Breathing and Character. We are beginning to learn the value to health and lungs of the habit of "deep breathing." To throw our windows wide open, breathe in fresh air so deeply that not only the lungs, but the whole of the body right down to the hips, is expanded, exercised and bathed with clean air, prevents chest weakness and consumption and helps to cure anaemia and bad temper.—Exchange.

Trousers Legs. A study of the trousers legs as seen in the photographs of our most noted men brings the smile of contempt from even the most disinterested, and one wonders if anything could be uglier than the concertina folds of the clumsy, elephantine outlines that are there to be seen. Breeches, knickers and kilts are all far more artistic and healthy.—Tailor and Cutter.

A Definite Reason. An English paper tells of a canny Scot whose neighbor met him sitting. The Scot had wife and children and household furniture piled atop the wagon, and he was solemnly driving his one horse along the street.

"So ye're flittin'?" said the neighbor. "I am. I want to be near me work." "And where's yer job?" "I haven't got one yet."

An Easy Riddance. Mr. Hardrocks—By George, I was relieved this morning! Mrs. Hardrocks—Why, Elias, how? Did somebody pick your pocket? Mr. Hardrocks—No. Young Perkleigh came in to see me. I thought he was certainly after our daughter, but he merely wanted to borrow \$10. He'll never bother us any more. I let him have it.—Cleveland Leader.

His Reason. "Why do you always ride in the smoking car? You don't smoke." "I ride in the smoking car," replied the man to whom the question was addressed, "to escape from the effusive gratitude of the young women to whom I always have to give up my seat when I ride in the other cars."

But there was a hard, metallic, ironical sort of ring in his voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Giving Himself Away. "You are married, aren't you?" she asked as they took their seats at the table at the dinner party.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "How did you know?" "You opened the door for yourself," she answered, "then went through, leaving me to follow, instead of holding it and letting me pass through first."—New York Press.

How It Helped. "Are you still helping that poor family?" "I'm trying to help them. I gave the mother some money the other day so that she would feel independent of her drunken husband."

"Well?" "Well, she had her husband arrested for beating her and then paid his fine with the money I gave her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Von Bulow's Threat. So far as the audience was concerned, Von Bulow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion when a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him in spite of his repeated refusal to play again he came forward and said, "If you do not stop this applause I will play all Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues from beginning to end!"

A Living Tomb. Some of the lamas of Tibet have a custom of allowing themselves to be inclosed in grottoes, so that they would live in darkness for the rest of their lives. Sven Hedin heard of a man who was inclosed at the age of sixteen or seventeen years and lived there sixty-nine years without any communication with the outside world whatever, his food and water being passed underground by a long pole.

Banks of Newfoundland. Newfoundland would be nothing without that great submarine plateau known as the "banks," on which all the fishing is done. At a small station within the edges of the great bank that the cod loves so well the sea is quite smooth. It is usual for vessels fishing on the bank to inquire from those that have arrived from the open sea as to what sort of weather it is "aboard."

The Five Kakkas. A set of regulations, intended to distinguish the Sikhs irrevocably from those around them, was the rule of the Five Kakkas. Every Sikh must have with him five things beginning with the letter "k"—viz, kesa (long hair), kangha (a comb), karanda (a knife), kirapana (a sword) and kacha (breeches reaching to the knee). The purpose of these rules was that every Sikh should avoid shaving, as do Mohammedans and Hindoos, and should be constantly armed and free from the long garments that might impede him in a fight.

Ambassadorial Humor. Following the proclamation of the commune in Paris, General Brackenbury attached himself to the government troops at Versailles, where Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, also was. One day Lord Lyons was persuaded to visit Mondon. He was looking from the window of an empty house when a shell fell and burst in the garden below. Then he said quietly: "Perhaps I had better retire. It would be a diplomatic blunder if her majesty's ambassador were to be killed."—Blackwood's Magazine.



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CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

At Times It Holds Water Enough to Float Boats, but Usually They Are Dragged Over Mud Banks.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from some where."

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores, and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS. If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better positions in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1) Complexion Wonder Cream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4 1/2 Street, S. W.

Just received a large assignment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet preparations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store, 316 4 1/2 Street, S. W. and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless."

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and exceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

For further information write or see: Clinton J. Calloway, Real Estate

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FROM KENTUCKY.

The Democratic member of Congress from Kentucky who had thrown out the appropriation for the colored schools should appeal again to the so-called Democratic Negroes of the country. The Bee wonders if Mr. L. C. Moore, of Mississippi, Revs. Waldron and Corrothers and Bishop Waters read this stab to the colored schools given by the Democratic member from Kentucky. There are some Democrats in this country who will never have any love for the Negro and he might as well come to this conclusion. The Negro has got to do like all other nationalities, fight for his rights and cease cringing and bowing to the white man. There are some Democrats who are just as mean as some Republicans. Because a man is a Republican or declares himself as such is no evidence that he is friendly to the Negro. As an evidence of this assertion, you may go through the several departments of the Government where Republicans are in control, and you will see Negroes segregated, discriminated against, all by Republicans and under Republican rule. Take the policy of Mr. Taft. Never in the history of the Republican party has a Republican President who claims to represent all the people, ever inaugurated a policy of caste as that inaugurated by Mr. Taft against a race that has been so loyal and true to his party. The Bee can expect nothing but bad treatment from certain members in the Democratic party. It is hoped that some one in the Democratic party will point out the error of its colleague. Because the Democrats of Kentucky are too mean to give the Negro sufficient schools there is no reason that the entire Democratic party should be held responsible.

IS IT DEGENERATING?

The question is being asked, is the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows degenerating? Is this great Negro organization which was at one time the pride of the colored Americans passing into a degenerated political organization? Men who are dead and whose history would be a lesson to the men in this body today, should have been among the acrobats of Mr. Morris' passing show. From all indications it looks as if men who are seeking its downfall belong to the graft ring of the order. One hundred thousand dollar building that was erected in Philadelphia, Pa., some time ago, is to be abandoned, and what is remaining of the organization will be removed to this city. The Odd Fellows' Journal, and it is to be regretted that Editor Slaughter should have been caught in such a trap, is to be removed to this city. The paper is to be installed in a small room on Fourteenth street between T and U streets north-west, and Editor Slaughter will return to his case in the Government Printing Office. Editor Slaughter is not infatuated with Philadelphia, Pa. After the meeting in Atlanta, Ga., the headquarters of the organization will be removed to this city. If reports are true, a split may occur in the Order at any time. The question is being quietly discussed by certain prominent members of the organization.

Is the order degenerating is the question that is uppermost in the minds of the most conservative members of the organization.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

Now is the time to subscribe for The Bee.

THIRTY DAYS' REDUCTION.

The management of The Bee has made a reduction in its subscription until March 1st, and it is hoped that the people will take advantage of it. The circulation department wants three thousand additional subscribers, and the subscription price has been so reduced that it will reach everybody. Read the special offer in another column of The Bee.

The Bee is the only race defender in the District of Columbia and the most fearless race advocate in the United States. The Bee is not the organ of any clique or faction, it is the Forum of the people and a Washington American.

The management wants everybody to read The Bee because it is a real defender of the rights of the people, irrespective of color or condition. Just look! From now until March first you may have The Bee sent to any address in the United States for one year for one dollar. Six months for seventy-five cents and three months for thirty-five cents. Now let everybody subscribe. Cut the coupon out of The Bee and mail your subscription. Be sure and write the correct address, and don't fail to enclose check or postal money order.

OUR SCHOOLS.

A special committee of the Board of Trade made a special report to its body of the alleged extravagance in the public schools. The public schools, so far as the expenditure of money is concerned, have never been better conducted. There is no way for any member of the Board of Education to steal money. The board doesn't have the handling of the money, and the articles selected for the schools must be first approved by the Commissioners. Now pray, where does the extravagance come in?

The Board of Education doesn't make contracts for the purchase of furniture. The board recommends to the purchasing powers what it wants for the schools, and nothing more.

There cannot be found a more honest set of men and women than we have conducting our public schools. The Board of Trade ought to give itself a rest.

ASSESSOR RICHARDS.

If there is one honest man in the District Government who has endeavored to serve the people, it is Mr. W. P. Richards, the present assessor of the District of Columbia. Mr. Richards' characteristics has been and is to help the poor and not to discriminate any class or individuals. The people don't take any stock in the attack of Mr. Bennett or any one else.

When a man can't run another and force him to do a thing contrary to his conscience, that moment he becomes a bad man in the estimation of his accusers. The books of the assessor's office are open to the public, and if there is any discrimination it can be easily ascertained. The District of Columbia has an efficient, honest and faithful assessor in the person of Mr. Richards.

MR. ADAMS.

Mr. Adams, who has been for a long time an assistant assessor to Mr. Richards, was promoted last month one of the personal tax assessors. This is a young man who doesn't presume or arrogate to himself that he is the whole government. He treats every citizen with respect and consideration, and The Bee hopes that he will continue to rise. Commissioner Rudolph knew what he was doing when he promoted Mr. Adams to the place made vacant by the death of the late Mr. Nye. Accept the hearty congratulations of The Bee, Mr. Adams, and may you continue to be the gentlemanly and competent official in your new position as you proved yourself to be as assistant assessor.

Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A.

Would it not be in good taste to change the names of the two Christian associations? Why do we call them Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., when there are in both men and women old enough to be grandmothers and grandfathers? Why not call them M. C. A. and W. C. A.? It would be more in keeping with the dignity and object of the association. The colored people misapply names and titles. Let us be natural.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

The Bee has introduced two

special features in its columns now. One is the sporting column in which you will find all the sporting and athletic news concerning colored sports, and the other is a musical column by Prof. Hillery Taylor. All about music will be seen in this column. Don't fail to get The Bee. A dramatic and theater section will be the next to be introduced.

Send one dollar for one year.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The attack on the Board of Education of our public schools is cowardly and unjustifiable. There is not a dishonest member connected with our board. The members of the board work without compensation and work harder than the previous board that received compensation.

Let every loyal citizen and taxpayer stand by the board.

WILL GET IT.

Representative Gardner, of Massachusetts, declares that the colored schools shall receive their portion of money, notwithstanding Kentucky Johnson's point of order.

PRESIDENT TAFT.

The lily white policy of President Taft seems to continue in the South. The last of the old guard to be removed is Cohen. If the Negroes of this country have any manhood, let them show it at the proper time.

STAND BY THE BOARD.

It is the duty of the people to stand by the Board of Education, the Democrats, Republicans in Congress and President Taft to the contrary notwithstanding. The Board of Education knows its business.

GET RID OF JUDSON.

The way to get rid of Judson is to abolish the present form of government.

Dismal Swamp Clark.

The bill was referred to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia for a report. It was not long before the bill was returned by this body to the effect that there was no "Jim Crow" sentiment in this city so far as "Jim Crow" cars and other "Jim Crowism" were concerned.—The Bee.

From the dismal swamps of Florida comes a fierce and fire-like bark. From a real mean Negro-hater, who goes by the name of Clark: Seems like that thing got in Congress by some curious hook and crook. And the sights are so surprising, that it has to look and look. By and by it sees a street car—my! you should have seen it stare! For there's no "Jim Crow" partitions, Negroes riding everywhere. What, quoth he, I must stop this thing right away "right off the bat." Niggers ridin' with white people, cracker blood won't stand for that. Straightway he begins to scribble out a red hot "Jim Crow" bill. Thinks he, now I'll be some punkins 'mongst the boys up on the hill; I'll be bigger than Ben Tilman, Hefflin won't be one, two three, When I have Jim Crowed them niggers, folks will look up to me. But there's such a thing as counting little chicks before they hatch; Did he count his chicklets too soon? Did he? Well, now you just watch; There's three men who rule this city, good men, noble, tried and true, Who thought his old bill pernicious, so they would not put it through. Sent it back with the suggestion, "this is not a Jim Crow town." Hope this Clark will hike to Florida, jump in Dismal Swamp and drown. It's his kind that causes trouble 'twixt the races North and South. We might live in peace together, if they'd only keep their mouth. Colored people, please take warning; have good manners, be polite. For there's few who'll dare to harm you, if you do that which is right. Negro-haters may "Jim Crow" you, disfranchise you, segregate, But they cannot overthrow you, if you live upright and wait. Our God has so ordained it that we'll always have a friend, If we're honest, true and faithful, we'll stand by us to the end. JAMES CONWAY JACKSON.

New Year Bloody Murder.

Just about the time when The Bee thought that the New Year would come in and the month of January would pass before any lynching took place, on the 15th, as will be seen, Kentucky adds fame (?) to her record by lynching a poor and unfortunate victim, simply because he was black.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The law partnership that existed between Messrs. Hughes and Gray has been dissolved. The same friendship that heretofore existed is still retained by both. Both are young men and are genial companions. They still have their offices at 609 F street northwest.

Returns Smiling.

Attorney John W. Patterson has returned from Richmond, and said to a Bee representative that no one as yet had an order vacated that he had anything to do with. Attorney L. M. King declares that he has got them all on the run and that he will come out victorious. Attorney King is too busy to discuss the case of the Elks.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

The passing of Dr. Vernon as Register of the Treasury brings to mind the fact that Cyrus Field Adams, the Assistant Register, continues on, like a spring-fed brook, and that he is now serving in his third term. Just what holds Cyrus, outside of his total abstinence from mixing, is a matter that stumps the boys. He is neither a power on the stump, nor a mixer, or an organizer. He remains about as far away from his brothers with coconuts shell complexions as the man who hibernates around the islands of Terra Del Fuego. You see, I'm still up on my "gogely." Some say Cyrus has his hair cut at white barber shops, and feeds, when he dines out, at white restaurants, just to let the whites compare their pinkbloom complexions with his. However, as to that I can't make a biblical affirmation for the reason that my complexion is so pronounced that I don't have a peek in where the whites toy with canvasbacks and dally with Pommy Sec. Cyrus does one thing, though, and that is as soon as the National Committee is named he massages the paralysis out of his hand, and signs a check for about fifty "bucks" which he sends to the treasurer by special delivery, and then he immediately revises that antique Negro Campaign Book up to date and inflicts it upon the committee. These heroic twin acts are always supposed to pass as a receipt in full for another term. Certain it is that he has been getting that "another term" with a regularity that makes all the would-be Assistant Registers count their thumbs. During the past two years no less than six real colored aspirants took a turn at trying to hit that saliva-coated ball with a \$2,500 trade mark, registered in the Presidential book as Assistant Register, and every one of them came near breaking their backs reaching for it. If a fellow didn't happen to peep into the office and see Cyrus manning the office and lactated food, worth about three cents in Chinese money, he would never know that Cyrus was on the globe. He joins no colored organizations, attends no colored churches or entertainments—in fact don't elbow up to Ham, and yet he remains while the brunette and near brunette Registers, who pass and re-pass, take the count regularly every four years. But Cyrus, you know is a bachelor, and all bachelors, after they get into the seer and yellow leaf, are tarnation peculiar. He's Johnny-on-the-spot, though, when it comes to attending strictly to business, and while Registers are spellbinding through the country, and organizing delegations for the G. O. P., Cyrus Field is right there at his desk attending to his knitting (figuratively and literally), every day in the year, and preparing to rush "another term." It has been predicted that as long as we have a Government, and just as long as the gentleman with the podrida hair remains in statu-quo on this proposition of mixing with his brothers, he'll be the Assistant Register. And if he can make first on a little infield hit, and then steal second, third and home on passes, can you blame the white-haired gentleman from Uncle Joe's State? But don't ever get into your cranium the erroneous impression that Cyrus is not a man of ability, just because he is a recluse. His head is chucked full of brains, and he is a fellow of exemplary habits and loyalty to race. He just minds his own business, and it pays to form a trust of your own business instead of making free with out of other people's business. Cyrus just saws wood, and mighty fast, too, and articulates nothing. He's wise.

Noticing in a number of newspapers published ostensibly in the interest of the race, but in reality in the interest of the editors, a Washington weekly plate letter recalls to me the fact that John Bruce, old "Bruce Grit," was probably the first colored pencil-pusher to conceive the idea of sending out a weekly Washington syndicate letter. I use to collaborate with Bruce, in getting out a sizzling hot letter. However, Bruce's letter was fresh, sort of aeroplane like, while a plate letter frequently contains stuff so old it reminds me of antiquities excavated from the ruins of Pompeii. This, of course, ain't the fault of the correspondent, but the result of necessary delay in reaching far points with the plate. Bruce Grit was perhaps the most versatile and the best correspondent who ever regaled colored readers of colored newspapers with the "doings," comings, goings and aspirations of the leaders, would-be leaders, social directors, and others too numerous to mention who hibernated in Washington or migrated to the city of buried hopes. Bruce was a corker. That head of his, big as a hoghead, had more odd stuff in it than you can find in a rummage sale. Many were the hours we put in together while he was in the old town.

Referring again to plate matter, which fills a long-felt want for colored newspapers, and white newspapers, too, an editor has to keep a close lookout or every now and then the factory will slip in a spurious coin on him. For instance, a bunch of us were discussing and were much amused over the appearance in a local temporary week before last of a half page of stuff, hoary with age, on the holding of a brunette exposition, and which was accredited to the New York Age, which piped it off about six weeks in priority. On an inside page was an editorial giving The Age a job lot of fever germs. I'll bet this slipped through Oliver Randolph's hands sight unseen, for it is rumored in close corporation circles that if there is one thing that makes him see things "oft in the still night" it's The Age. Fred Moore and his alleged subsidization are regular nightmares to the gentleman from the South.

And speaking about Randolph, with whom I have but a slight acquaintance—this newcomer in the pre-emptive and pre-occupied field of journalism, we old time correspondents, jealous of our languishing reputations, are slow in recognizing these "illustrious distillers," for that's what we call the newcomers. That's the name Bruce Grit once gave an embryonic correspondent. From what I learn, and Bob Waring will stand for it, Oliver Cromwell Randolph first shot across and athwart the blue-valuted and star-flecked horizon as secretary to Waldron, Corrothers, Ferguson, Gilchrist, Stewart—the originator of Brownsville, back in the perilous days of the last pro-presidential campaign. In those "simoomous times" he used to soak Roosevelt, Taft, and the sable themselves on the Taft balustrade, every morning for breakfast. He was not quite so vehement as the rest, though. In fact he did his roasting with bated breath, for he was a quiet sort of a chap. When the steam-roller ran over his anti-cohorts Oliver escaped in his pajamas and scooted across the desert to the oasis where the enemies camped, leaving Waldron, Corrothers, Ferguson, Gilchrist, Stewart and the rest to form an awkward squad. When the "boys came marching home" after November, he got back into the service, just how I have not learned. Later he and that "silence and fun" proposition from down below the equator, started a newspaper, and presto change, became a "big nigger," as they use to say about Dug McQuarry before he "broke the bank at Monte Carlo." Brother Corrothers said, "you can't expect Ham to stand hitched when a band of music comes tooting by." Mebby getting back into the service was Oliver Cromwell's band of music. However, from what I have seen of him, by meeting him accidentally and incidentally, he impresses me with the idea that he's a likely fellow, even if he is after the main chance, and I guess all of us keep our eyes squinted for the main chance. He's much of a gentleman, as quiet as an unused graveyard, and men who know him more intimately than I, say he is a fellow of parts. His quiet, gentlemanly manner has made him likeable, and the only person or thing that he is known to knock is The New York Age. Just what the bromo-seltzer editor of The Age ever did to him, I don't say. But you know colored editors are still infected with the fight virus, just like we correspondents use to be. Oliver and his partner make a dandy pair to draw to the boy is trying to do something, and make something of himself, and that's commendable.

If you want some real hard work done, and a thing made a monumental success, just call in Charley Pickett and Old General Purpose Bob Pelham. They are the whole confectionary, and a little of the kitchen thrown in, when it comes to planning and booming a thing. Now this Charley Pickett, like "The Gentleman from India," is a friend of mine. At least I use to think so. We, who have argued around Washington for about fifteen moons or more, sort of regarded him as an "old cit" since he married one of Washington's popular teachers, who presides over his home in a most charming manner. Of course Charley's real duties in Washington is performing the functions of prime minister to Uncle Shelby Culum, when Congress is in session. When Congress adjourns Charley packs his trunk and steals off to Chicago, taking Uncle Shelby along for company, and when he gets there he dives into Illinois politics up to his neck. He's about as handsome a brown-coated grenadier as ever came to Washington to draw \$1,600 under an erroneous impression that he is working daily. He's as quiet and smooth as castor oil, though not quite so purgative. He can talk on all political subjects without even getting in the same block of the Lorimer investigation. He's just that supple. At St. Luke's Church he's the chief cook and bottle washer. In fact Charley must get into the king row, right from the start, in every game he plays. And they say he's just as popular in Chicago, up and down State street, as he is in Washington. But somehow, he's an awfully reticent fellow. He'll string you with a whole lot of dope, and then when you get to your room, and begin to subtract and divide, you discover he has just stalled you with a lot of small talk that won't go for Sweeney. In this he reminds me of Auggie Savoy. You know Auggie will speechify for an hour, after he's had his after-dinner brandy and three or four nightcaps, and then you find he hasn't told you a frazzling thing about what you want to know. Charley Pickett's in the same class. But that's diplomacy and good sense. The man who coughs up his chitterlings to every hobo he meets is hardly fitted for confidential relations with big men of affairs. But Charley Pickett is an awful hustler, a regular Baldwin locomotive, and if you just put him on a committee, when the thing's all over you'll find he's pitched a lot of hay up into the loft. Uncle Shelby thinks Charley is the radium—that's the most precious stuff, and I guess Uncle Shelby has lived just about long enough to know the real article from the spurious. It was a mighty good thing for this city of tears, and knocks and deceits that Charley Pickett camped here.

CHATS ON MUSIC AND MUSIC STUDY.

(By J. Hillery Taylor.)

The Piano and Piano Study.

The piano may be truly called the people's instrument, as there is no other instrument that has such a large following; nor is there any from which more people get enjoyment. The rich, the poor, the cultured, the uncultured, all find some inexplicable charm and solace in strains from this wonderful instrument. The Negro, no less than other nationalities, has found a medium of expression in the piano, indeed, peculiarly his own; and one that is inseparably connected with him in all phases of his many-sided life. It is because of this great love of piano music and the natural talent the Negro has, coupled with the interest he manifests in all branches of the art, that I am writing this series of articles, which I hope will assist him in a better understanding and appreciation of the "baby-art"—music. I think one of the worst faults dis-

played by us as a race is that of buying a \$400 or \$500 piano merely as an ornament for our parlors. Why not put this money to a better use, unless the buyer or someone in whom he is interested really takes a lively and serious interest in the study of the art? Buy an instrument if someone is going to use it; but save your money for some other purpose if no one is going to study and try to make this great personified person speak to them in her peculiar and mystic manner.

We need advancement, as a race, in more than one way if we are to become a thoroughly learned and cultured people; and our advancement in music is one of the ways that we should begin to look seriously into. What inducement are we offering those teachers who are making untold sacrifices for the interest and progress of the race in music unless we study and put into use these idle brains, idle instruments and idle fingers?

The piano is not the only instrument I would encourage you to have your young study. There are many other, and great ones at that, whose use and importance should be understood and appreciated. I will talk of these more fully at another time. I take up the piano first, because it is first with us, and is universally used or abused.

Granting we have the instrument, or the use of one for practice, and have secured the services of a good music teacher, we are at least at the beginning of the road that will lead us to our cherished goal. The teacher is one part, the pupil another, and the parent or guardian the third. These three factors working successfully and harmoniously together will bring forth the good performer, and sometime the artist.

You have your piano, and you or your children are seriously engaged in the study of the art. Is this the last thought you should have of that companionable instrument that is to serve you at every call and yield you her very best fruit? No; you must take care of that instrument by having it polished, tuned and cleaned from time to time.

I think in this regard we are great offenders. I called on a parent not long ago, and she was very anxious to have her little girl study music, but when she opened the piano and invited me to perform, I observed to my dismay and embarrassment that the "forte" and "piano" pedals had entirely severed their connection with the strings and that many of the keys refused to respond to my touch at all. Besides this, she put the finishing touches on the situation when she informed me that the piano had not been tuned for 15 years. This case is paralleled more or less seriously in many other homes and is a fault or neglect that should be looked after at once.

I would have my readers at the conclusion of this short talk ponder over the words of the great music critic and writer, H. E. Krehbiel: "Music of all the arts is studied the most and thought about the least."

TOOMY VS. TOOMY.

The Bill Not Dismissed.

Attorney W. C. Martin, who represented Mrs. R. E. S. Toomy in her divorce proceeding in Equity Court No. 2, before Justice Gould last week, writes The Bee to the effect:

"The case was not heard in Equity No. 1, but in Equity Court No. 2. The Bee would like to know what difference does it make whether it was in Equity Court 1 or 2. It was heard before Justice Gould in Equity Court No. 2.

In his second exception Attorney Martin says:

"As counsel for Mrs. Toomy, the plaintiff, I confined my argument to the record, and it was well for the defendant that I did. I attempted to show nothing not found in the record."

The Bee is satisfied that Attorney Martin could not go outside of the record, and Justice Gould suggested to counsel to show some act of cruelty; that shaking or pointing finger in plaintiff's case was not cruelty.

3. Further says Mr. Martin: "Didn't say at the conclusion of argument that there was no evidence of cruelty, but stated the evidence was not sufficient to warrant the court in decreeing a legal separation, divorce (a mensa et thora)—but the evidence was sufficient for a decree for separate support and maintenance, which the court passed."

A representative of The Bee heard the court say this at the conclusion of Attorney Martin's argument:

"There is no evidence of cruelty, and if there was it is vague and uncertain, and not sufficient for a divorce mensa et thora."

Attorney Martin then argued that his client ought to have permanent alimony and the custody of her minor children and counsel fees.

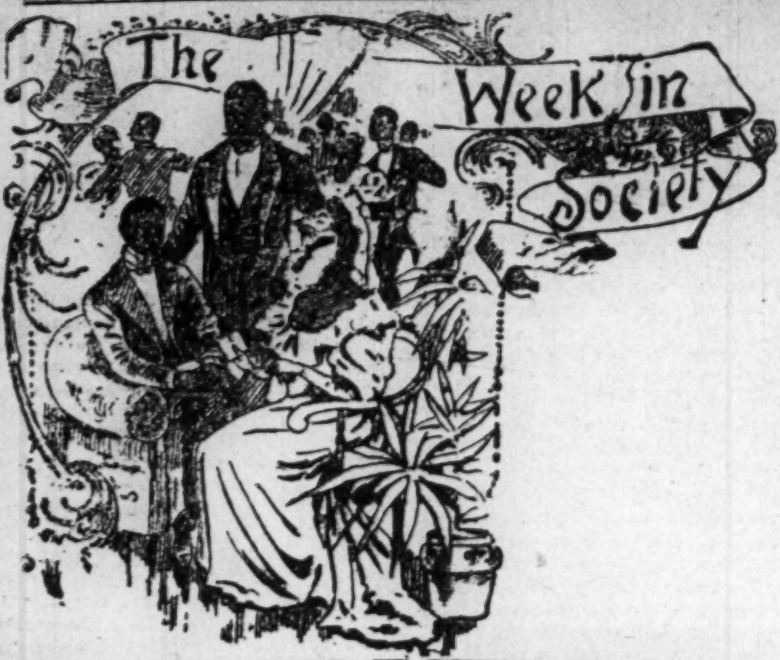
The court asked counsel how much salary defendant was receiving monthly. Counsel didn't know, but did state the last report was that defendant was receiving \$75 per month, but his salary had since been reduced, but how much counsel was unable to state.

In conclusion the court said that he would not sign a decree for a divorce mensa et thora, but would sign a decree allowing twenty dollars per month alimony and the custody of plaintiff's children, and you can draw a decree to that effect. This is the exact language of the court. The Bee has no desire to misrepresent counsel, the court, the plaintiff or the defendant in this case.

The Bee is also aware that Mrs. A. M. Curtis has been a friend to both parties, and The Bee is friendly to all parties concerned in the divorce proceeding, and would not intentionally misrepresent anybody, not even the able counsel who struggled so hard to convince the court that the defendant was cruel to the plaintiff, who is a good wife, mother and woman.

Do You Want It?

Mr. James H. Dabney, the well-known funeral director, is about to purchase a sick ambulance for the benefit of the colored people. The Bee wants to know will the colored doctors support it? Please answer.



Going down town? No; not when I can get the richest and most artistic boxes of fine fresh candies, dainty and lasting perfumery, high-grade post cards, fine cigars and novelties at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 14th street northwest.

Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Scott entertained at their residence in Anacostia last Friday evening. The evening was very pleasantly spent by the playing of games and dancing. The most interesting feature of the evening was the whist games. After many games of whist the guests were served with a Dutch supper.

The students of the commercial college of Howard University were entertained last Saturday night at the residence of Dean Cook.

The private reception given by the well-known club, the Mediators, on Friday afternoon, Jan. 27, was one of the best social functions of the season. Most of the society young folks of the city attended. It was held in the main auditorium of True Reformers' Hall, music being furnished by the Dabney Orchestra.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, of the National Women's Training School, is doing great work for the uplift of her sex. Several improvements have been made at her school.

Mrs. Samuel Holder, of Hartford, Conn., who is stopping with Dr. Tunnells, of Howard University, and who is a cultured singer, will sing one of her beautiful selections Sunday morning, February 5, at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church. Friends are invited to hear her.

Mrs. J. B. Loftis, wife of officer Loftis, who has been quite sick at her home, 40 Hanover street, is much improved.

Quality is what counts in drugs, medicines and remedies. You get the very highest quality at the fairest price at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 14th street northwest. Hundreds of satisfied customers attest this fact.

Mrs. Marion Thurman was buried from the 15th Street Presbyterian Church last week.

Mrs. Wm. Beckett, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens, was buried from the Methodist A. M. E. Church last Sunday afternoon. It was one of the largest funerals in the history of the church. Rev. I. N. Ross preached the sermon.

Miss Delia Claude, of this city, is visiting Mrs. Grace Symington, 22 Upton street, Cambridge, Mass.

Miss M. A. Wheeler, principal of Lovejoy School, is indisposed at her home, 1034 New Jersey avenue northwest.

Miss Nomie Bailey, who has been indisposed with La Grippe at her home in Linden street, is convalescent.

Miss May Fletcher, one of Baltimore's school teachers, spent last Saturday and Sunday in this city with relatives and friends.

Miss Henrietta Vinton Davis is in Ohio.

Mr. Solomon Dickerson, of this city, has gone to Hampton, Va., to spend the remainder of the winter.

Miss Susie Holmes has returned to this city after spending a very pleasant stay in Hampton, Va., with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Dickerson.

Ice cream soda is popular the year 'round at the drug store of Board & McGuire on Fourteenth street. "The place where everybody meets everybody else."

Miss Bessie Taylor has returned to this city after a delightful stay of ten days in Philadelphia, Pa., with friends.

Mr. J. Milton Turner, of St. Louis, Mo., is in the city.

Mrs. Hattie Torrence, of this city, was called to Charlotte, N. C., last week, to the bedside of her aunt, Mrs. Harriet Yokum, who suffered a stroke of paralysis.

Miss Minnie Parker is visiting friends in Harrisburg, Pa.

Miss Marie C. James will spend February 22 in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Sarah Moore, who left this city ill, is rapidly improving at her home in Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moorland have returned after a trip of ten days in Chicago, Ill.

Dr. T. G. Stewart, of Wilberforce University, formerly chaplain in the Regular Army, addressed the student body of Howard University on Thursday.

Don't take calomel for your liver when you can get Liveroids, the great vegetable liver regulator, tonic and blood purifier, at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 14th street northwest.

Mr. James H. Winslow, the well-known funeral director, who has been so seriously ill for several weeks, is fast improving.

Miss G. B. Maxfield entertained a few friends at a dramatic reading at her home, 1229 First street northwest, last Wednesday evening, after which light refreshments were served. It was proposed to organize a dramatic club.

Dr. S. M. Pierre has gotten in the push and purchased an automobile.

Mr. Ferguson has returned to his home in Chicago, after a very enjoyable visit to this city, Richmond, Va., Pittsburgh and Baltimore.

Mrs. Susana Ferrell, formerly of this city, died at her home in Chicago, Ill.

Miss E. B. Parks, an employee here, has been visiting friends in New York, Atlantic City, New Jersey and Baltimore.

Dr. George C. Clement, editor of Star of Zion, passed through our city recently en route to Carlisle, Pa., where he has been holding a successful revival.

A banquet is being planned in honor of Hon. J. C. Napier, newly appointed Register of the Treasury, on February 17th.

Don't forget to call at the drug store of Board & McGuire and examine the finest assortment of the best perfumery and candies in the city from 25 cents to \$5 a box.

Citizens' Association.

At the January meeting of the Northeastern Suburban Citizens' Association, the following officers were elected:

Dr. Willis W. Jones, president; John George, vice president; Chas. Wesley, recording secretary; H. H. Shorter, corresponding secretary; J. P. Payne, treasurer; Henry Staughter, chaplain.

The committees will be appointed at the installation, at which time the ladies will give a banquet in honor of the elected officers.

Mr. Chapman, chairman of the Executive Committee, suggested that the Commissioners be asked to make some arrangement for signs to be placed at the different roads which lead to the District of Columbia, as country people who have business interests within the District may not be aware of the light regulation.

The Committee on Schools, of which Mr. John H. Paynter is chairman, reported that petition and protest had been filed with the District Committee in relation to establishment of a school in the Burrville section, and against the proposed addition to Deanwood School.

Coleman Minor.

Mr. Coleman L. Minor, one of the most popular and well-known comedians and lyric writers in the country, who is now connected with "Our Friend From Dixie," is in Philadelphia, not so well. He says "Our Friend From Dixie" company has met with success everywhere it has appeared. Mr. Minor sends regards to all friends.

Mr. Bruce Ill.

Assistant Superintendent Roscoe C. Bruce, who has been dangerously ill at his home for some time, is improving and there are hopes of his speedy recovery.

CONCERT AND RECITAL.

The People Turn Out.

Last Friday night, January 27, the Howard Theater was a scene of beauty and culture. The people turned out in response to the concert and recital under the auspices of Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford and her most genial husband, Mr. W. H. Clifford, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. The occasion was the Evolution of the Negro in fiction, song and story, at the Howard Theater. The management of this theater has given the colored people every advantage and opportunity to display their talents. Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford and her husband are two of the most genial citizens in this city, and they have added much to its welfare, so far as the colored people are concerned. The entertainment given by these two well-known citizens was successful beyond expectation. Twice as many tickets could have been sold, and it is regretted that the affair was not booked for two nights instead of one. The entertainment was well worth repeating. There were some very commendable features in the entertainment. Mrs. Clifford, was the central figure, and as a narrator she is calm, eloquent, concise and precise. "Night of

Slavery Sorrow," sung by the Armstrong and M Street High schools, Mr. Ernest R. Armstrong, director, was good.

Miss Theresa Lee deserves credit for the presentation of the song characteristic from Madame Sherry, in which nine young misses participated, Misses Collier, Bailey, Wright, Scott, Wilson, Green, Mayer, Jennifer and Watson. Their dancing and singing was excellent. Madame Jean Kelly Armstrong sang very sweetly, "My Heart is Weary." She has a sweet contralto voice.

Dr. C. Sumner Wormley never fails to elicit applause. He carries his audience before him, and on this occasion the applause was deafening. He is Washington's favorite and is always enthusiastically greeted. His song was "The Trumpeter."

Miss Lillian Evans sang "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice." Her dress was beautiful, and her appearance very attractive.

Master Merrill Curtis, the son of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Curtis, is master of his profession. He is a genius. His several impersonations were loudly applauded, and he was faultless in his several parts.

Miss Moline Thomas's mezzo-soprano solo "Summer" was well rendered. She has a sweet voice.

L'Alligro Glee Club: (a) "My Lady Clo," (b) "De Coppah Moon."

This is the most popular and most talented club in the city. So well pleased was the audience that the club was recalled several times.

Miss Charlotte Wallace, Mr. Jeter, deserve special mention. On a whole the entertainment was first-class.

In The Field Of Sports

Departmental Base Ball League.

At the annual meeting of the Departmental League held last Saturday, the following officers were elected for the season of 1911: Mr. R. A. Tucker was re-elected president for one year, and Mr. Frank McKinney re-elected secretary. The officers having served the league successfully in the past, were unanimously elected. Mr. Tucker has been with the league since its first year, and his work has always been satisfactory. He is very prominent in all walks of life, an earnest worker and thorough gentleman. Such men as Mr. Tucker and Mr. McKinney are a credit to any organization. Mr. McKinney has been with the league since the start, having always given his very best service to the cause, and serving as secretary. He is one of the most valuable men in the league, always striving hard and earnestly for the betterment of the league. All of the teams were represented. Many trades were spoken of, but each manager seemed to be afraid of the material offered. Therefore, no players were exchanged, though many players will find themselves in new berths at the beginning of the season. Mr. W. A. Hawk succeeded Parker as manager of the champion Postoffice team. He will manage the team from the bench. Manager Hawks appointed Mr. Wallace Sudler, the fast shortstop, his field captain and assistant. They hope to repeat next year.

Manager Barnwell, of the War and Navy, has seen fit to sever his connection with that team, and will not be found in the line-up next season. He played a brilliant game in left field for the last two seasons for the Warriors, and will be missed very much. Captain Johnson is signing players for the coming season, and hopes to be a strong contender for the flag. The War and Navy is a fast bunch of players, and ought to finish strong next season.

Captain "Sill" Irving, of the fast Government Printing Office team, will make his debut as playing manager next season. All the followers of the league are well acquainted with the work of this excellent player, and look for him to make good. The league and players will greatly miss the service of Manager Davis, who was at the helm last season. Mr. Davis is a man of excellent ability, a man that every one respected, and a manager that got the best out of his players. It is regretted that it was impossible for him to continue. Such men are a credit to any decent sport.

Manager McKinney, the able secretary of the league, will manage his band of Redmen from the Interior Department. Manager Mac is an earnest worker, and player of some note. We all hope Mac will have success with his strong combination.

Manager Dickerson, of the Agricultural Department, intends to stand pat on his same line up. They finished strong last season, and with another pitcher, he predicts that he will be in the running when the gong sounds. Captain Al Andrews will pilot the team on the field, while Manager Dickerson gives instructions from the bench.

Mr. Fred Reynolds, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing team, has relinquished the reigns of management to Mr. Paris H. Pollard, for the coming season. Manager Pollard is well known as the organizer and first president of the league, who afterwards resigned to enter the ranks as a player. This will be his debut as a league manager. The patrons of the league who are well acquainted with Manager Pollard, look for him to be a big success. Manager Pollard is very anxious to secure some new material, and is determined to put a team on the field that the Bureau will be proud of. The Departmental League has been running successfully for the last two seasons. They occupy grounds at the corner of 17th and B streets northwest. The surrounding grounds are beautiful, and the best of order is our motto and is always in evidence. This is the only league of its kind in the States. There is no compensation connected with the players, but they are governed by as strong a contract as professional ball players. The rivalry is very keen between the departments. All players must be employed by the Federal or Municipal Government to be a player, and the law is strictly carried out to the letter. The public is invited to see these games and look over the promising young athletes of the city. There is any member of the entire league and their players. It is a self-supporting

league, every player buys his outfit, and makes good to play.

Every afternoon you can find a manly, self-respecting nine of players representing their department, playing as hard and as earnestly to win for the glory of their department as you will be able to see in the National League Park. The players are as eager for the season to open as the men who make their living by playing professional ball.

Such self-supporting and decent athletes ought to be encouraged, and the public should pay them a visit to judge for themselves, and when they once see the quality of the material on the field they will certainly take interest and see every game possible.

Colored Athletes.

The event of an indoor meet for colored athletes given by organizations of colored men has attracted all sorts of attention to our athletic conditions by white men in this section of the East. Long before the masses of our people were made aware of the plans for the meet, the Southern Amateur Athletic Union, with officers among the business men in Baltimore, Richmond, and Washington, knew of the intentions and have spoken creditably of the undertaking. White boys in the community are fast learning to respect the skill and physical ability of the colored boys along the lines of sports old to them, and but recently a part of the life of our race in the cities.

George Washington University and Georgetown University will give meets at Convention Hall on February 4 and March 4. These events will be attended by athletes from the prominent schools in the North, and athletes will enter from all local institutions.

Howard University basketball team is booked to oppose the Alpha Physical Culture Club quint of New York as a star feature on the occasion of the meet. It will be the first time that our people will see a basketball game played under first-class conditions on a full-sized court, free from obstructions. The Alpha players are all men holding excellent positions in that city, three of the quint are public school teachers with quite a record in New York City.

Track teams of M Street High School, Armstrong, Howard University and many city grade schools have entered training. Many employees in the Government service are planning to enter the events. W. F. Williams and Moore, of the Census Bureau, are in training. A bulletin has been sent to each athletic association of the grade schools giving information regarding the meet and points on how to train for the events. In many sections of the city school boys and older athletes may be seen diligently at work strengthening the body to compete in the events on March 11.

All committees are hard at work making arrangements and giving out information. The finance committee is busy securing ads for the program, which is to be a striking souvenir.

Those who desire to become patrons should send in \$2.00 to any member of the finance committee or its chairman, Mr. G. S. Wormley, for which amount they will be sent tickets worth \$2.50, and in sections that they might choose. The tickets sell at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00, with nearly one-half of the \$1.00 section sold to date.

Joseph H. Douglass, violinist, began touring the South at Richmond last week, appearing before the students of Union University.

Harmony Society.

The Columbia Harmony Society of the District of Columbia has elected the following officers for 1911:

G. F. Cook, president; E. G. Brooks, vice president; John H. Cook, secretary and superintendent. The Columbia Harmony Society is one of the strongest and most representative in this city. Hundreds of dollars worth of improvements have been expended upon this beautiful cemetery.

At Howard Theater.

Special matinee this afternoon for school children at the Howard Theater. At night and to-morrow (Sunday) evening special program of Tuskegee Institute and what the Negro is doing. Don't miss it.

"MY FRIEND FROM DIXIE"

Meeting With Success.

Boston, Mass., July 24. GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"My Friend from Dixie," a musical comedy in three acts, by J. Leubrie Hill. The cast:

Jasper Green.....Louis A. Mitchell
Mandy Lee.....J. Leubrie Hill
Jim Jackson Lee.....Richard W. Shelton
Emalina Lee.....Julia Gidion
Sophia Lee.....Mamie Carter
Susie Lee.....Hattie Akers
Clementine.....Mayme Butler
Bill Simmons.....Will Brown
Abe Lewis.....George A. Price, Jr.
Lucinda Langtry.....Leona Marshall
Katie Krew.....Evan Robertson
Carrie Nation Brown.....Quetta Watts
Dr. Moore.....Arthur Carr
Joe Brown.....Coleman L. Minor
Spiky.....Chas. H. Woody
Jimmie Moon.....Tinie Ray
Repeating the success which it made in this city earlier in the season, "My Friend From Dixie" returned to the Grand Opera House last evening, where a large and appreciative audience was plainly delighted with the show, and with the capable cast of colored players upon whose efforts depends in a large measure the success of the performance.

A pleasing mixture of snappy dialogue and tuneful songs, strung together by a plot which is sufficiently plausible, and at times highly amusing, form a combination which cannot fail to interest and would probably amuse a more critical audience than that of last evening.

Louis A. Mitchell made a distinct hit in the role of Jasper Green, a rich plantation owner in Dixieland, and the role of Mandy Lee, his daughter, was well played by J. Leubrie Hill. Richard W. Shelton and Will Brown were amusing as Jim Jackson Lee and Bill Simmons, while Julia Gidion, Hattie Akers and Mamie Carter imper-

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PERILS OF EXPLORERS.

Tragic Journey Across a Desert of Central Asia by the Great Swedish Explorer, Sven Hedin.

One of the most trying of the central Asian adventures of Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, was this: In February, 1895, Sven Hedin started eastward, exploring the country between the Kashgar and Yarkand rivers, proceeding in April to cross the Takla Makan desert, between the Yarkand and Khotan rivers. Never before had any known traveler attempted to exploit a course amid the eternal sea of shifting sand hills from river to river. The tale of that little, travel worn, bedraggled group, far beyond the last watering place, enveloped in dust, stumbling along through the dreary but agitated desert sea by crooks and roundabout ways, with desolation spread around and every trace of life departed, was a weird and pathetic one. "Not even a fly was to be heard in the air, not even a yellow leaf broke the monotony."

And ever at their head was the sturdy figure of the Swedish explorer, compass in hand, still enthusiastic, guiding them as best he could through the death shrouded wilderness. At length the camels had to eat their straw saddles, and the last of the bread was gone. Horrors followed. As men and camels dropped out of the line they were immediately enveloped in the whirling sand shroud and never seen again.

The end came on May 5, when Sven Hedin, crawling on all fours, dragged himself across the dry bed of the Khotan river. "All of a sudden a duck flew into the air and water splashed," he wrote. Two of his followers were all that survived, and it is doubtful whether even those two would have lived to tell the tale had not Sven Hedin carried back water for them in his boots.

MARKED THEIR TRAIL.

Two Brave Women Who Outwitted a Band of Indians.

One summer afternoon in 1776 Jemima Boone and two sisters named Callaway while boating on the Kentucky allowed their canoe to drift close to the opposite bank. Here, behind a bush, five Shawnee warriors were in hiding, and although the spot was not more than a quarter of a mile from Boonesborough, one of the Shawnees struck boldly into the water, seized the canoe and dragged it to shore with its screaming occupants.

Once in the power of the Indians, however, these youthful daughters of the wilderness betrayed a wonderful self possession and resourcefulness. They knew enough of Indian customs to realize that if their strength failed them and they should prove unequal to the long march to the Shawnee towns on the Ohio they would be slaughtered mercilessly. So they stifled sobs and calmly accompanied their captors without protest or struggle. At every opportunity, though, they secretly tore little pieces from their clothing and attached them to bushes on the trail. Nothing more was needed to inform Boone and his fellow settlers, who had quickly started in pursuit, that they were on the right track, and on the second day of the captivity they caught up with the Indians. A volley laid two Shawnees low, the rest fled, and by the close of another day the girls were safe in the arms of their thankful mothers.—H. Addington Bruce in Smith's Magazine.

Stories of W. S. Gilbert.

When Sir Henry Irving and Edwin Booth were acting together in London at doubled prices, the story goes that Mr. Herman Verlin, meeting W. S. Gilbert in the street, asked him whether he had been to this quite exceptional show. "No," said Mr. Gilbert; "I have sometimes paid half a guinea to see one bad actor, but I will not pay a guinea to see two."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing the part of Falstaff at the London Haymarket, and the indispensable stuff made him perspire profusely. Mr. Gilbert, who was in the theater, went behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have been expected to be congratulated on the excellence of his impersonation.

"How well your skin acts!" said Mr. Gilbert.—London Graphic.

Peter the Great as a Drinker.

There is preserved in the Bodleian library, Oxford, an innkeeper's bill for breakfast eaten in England by Peter the Great of Russia. The czar and his twenty companions managed to dispose of half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. Peter was always a hard drinker. He would drink a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draft; after dinner he managed eight bottles of sack, "and so to the playhouse." But his favorite drink was hot pepper and brandy.

He Had the Bill.

Tom (in restaurant)—Excuse me, old man, but would you mind paying my check? I haven't anything but a forty dollar bill. Jack—A forty dollar bill! Why, I never heard of a bill of that denomination. Tom—Here it is—a bill from my tailor!—Chicago News.

To Fresh Eyes.

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail!"—Christian Register.

There is nothing so utterly hollow as a kind word that should have been spoken yesterday.—Evangel.

As the Twig Bends.

Kendall had a son who was the pride of his heart. One day he found one of his favorite cherry trees cut down. "Jack," he said, "did you do that?" With quivering lip Jack replied: "Father, I can't deceive you. I did not cut the tree down. Billy Brown did it, but I bossed the job."

Tears of joy sprang into the father's eyes. "Bless you, my boy," he said. "Billy will be president of the United States, but you will be chairman of the national committee."—Success Magazine.

The Gargoyle.

The word "gargoyle" is closely akin to "gargle," for "gargole" is simply the French "gargouille" (throat). It was a good name for the architectural monster through whose mouth the rain-water was carried off. But all idea of the throat had disappeared in the terrible Gargouille de Rouen, the dragon which wasted a French district until St. Romanus threw it into the Seine. In after generations a huge sham gargoyle used to be carried round the city once a year in memory of this deliverance.

Something Wrong.

"Oh, dear, John, I just know I shall not like this dress!"

"What's the matter now?" asked her husband without laying down his pipe or looking from his paper. "I thought you said you liked it."

"That's just it. I was so sure I wouldn't like it when I got it home, though I liked it well enough in the store. And now that I am home I do like it, and therefore I know I will not like it when it is made up. Now I don't know what to do."

"Search me," grunted the cruel man, turning to the sporting page.—Puck.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A Quaker was negotiating with an insurance agent as to effecting a policy on a vessel overdue. At this juncture he heard of the vessel's loss and wrote at once to the agent of the company: "Friend, if these hasn't filled up the policy these needn't, for I've heard of the ship."

"Eh," said the officers, "cunning fellow. He wants to do us out of the premium." So they wrote to the Quaker:

"Thou art too late by half an hour. Thy policy is filled up."

Stromboli's Flames.

Stromboli rarely pours out streams of lava, for this Aeolian crater vomits flame persistently and cinders spasmodically. The "lighthouse" of the Mediterranean has been known to stick to its function of torchbearer for the space of 2,000 years. Whenever the tiny, regular eruption takes place the stones drop back again into the crater. While the ancients regarded Stromboli variously as the smithy of Vulcan and the headquarters of Aeolus, the men of the middle ages looked upon it as the main highway to purgatory.

What Telepathy Is.

Telepathy is the transference of emotions and sensations between souls, while thought transference is the transmission of words, ideas or images from mind to mind. Thus telepathic communication is possible only between persons of a certain degree of soul development and between whom there is a degree of emotional sympathy, while in transference of thought one dominant, positive mind may affect another without there being any degree of sympathetic vibration between them.—Svastika.

The Earth's Crust.

The solid crust of the earth is about twenty-five miles thick, and it floats upon a denser substratum, which is fluid or at least plastic. The crust of the earth may therefore be compared to an ice floe resting on the ocean and the mountains to icebergs imbedded in it. Just as an iceberg floats with only a small proportion of its bulk above the surface of the water, so the hills as we know them are merely the crests of huge bergs that float, almost wholly submerged, in a denser substratum.—Captain Craster in New Quarterly Review.

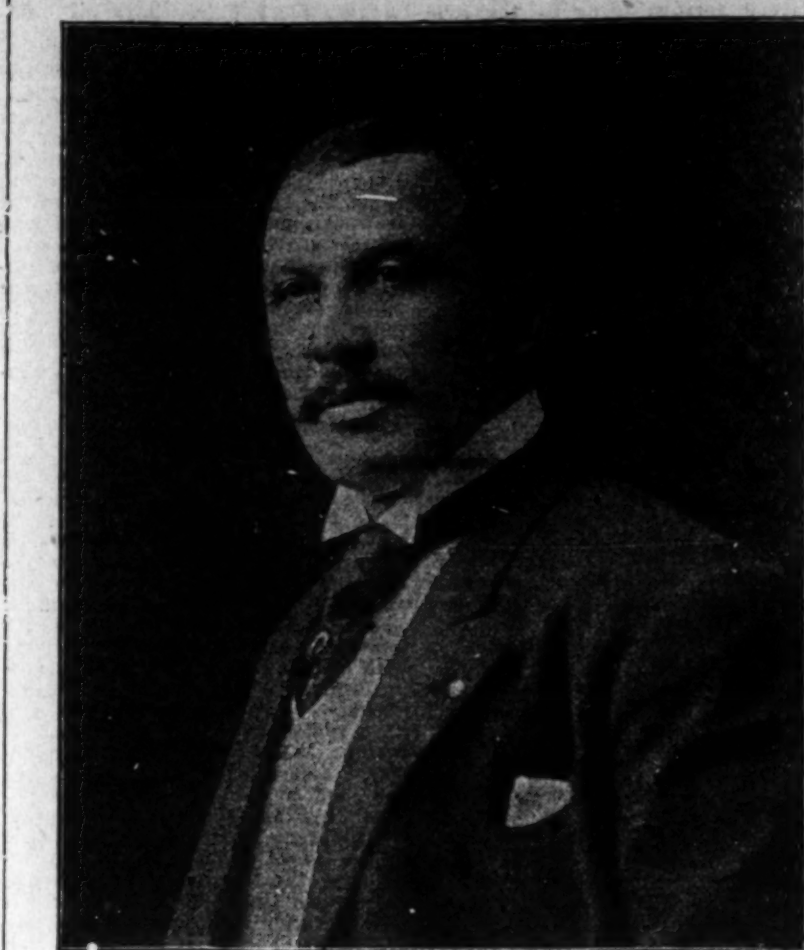
Eating Oysters.

Surely the queerest way of cooking an oyster is that mentioned in the year 1672, when Richardson, the fire eater, took a live coal on his tongue; on this he put a raw oyster in its shell, while an attendant blew upon the coal with bellows until it flamed and sparkled in his mouth. This continued until the oyster opened and was perfectly cooked.

The European Magazine for 1806 contains an account of a young lady at Brighton who undertook to eat for supper the amazing quantity of 800 oysters, with a certain amount of bread and butter. This feat she performed, greatly to the astonishment of all present.

Armor Plated Pawnshops.

The inside of a Chinese pawnshop is a terra incognita to most people, Chinese and English. Few are admitted within its mysterious walls except those directly connected with the business. A traveler was recently permitted to inspect one in an inland town and was surprised to find the entire building incased in sheet iron about one-eighth of an inch thick. It must have cost a large sum to build an iron house within the usual lofty brick edifice, yet there it was, even to the roof. It served a twofold purpose—a protection against fire and thieves. Yet even within this iron castle night watchmen armed with heavy revolvers and clad in bullet proof jackets ever keep watch.



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Board & McGuire, 1912 1/2 14th street, northwest.
W. L. Smith, 2201 Seventh street northwest.

Leroy H. Harris, 600 Third street southwest.
J. R. Mayer, Fourth and N streets southwest.
L. M. Day & Co., 14th and P streets northwest.

J. W. Morse, 1904 L street northwest.
George Murray, 201 D street southwest.

Napper's Pharmacy, 1846 Seventh street northwest.
Marke Pharmacy, 1000 20th street northwest.

L. M. Singleton's Pharmacy, 20th and E streets northwest.
JOBBER.

American Barber Supply Company, 1009 E street northwest.
Tony B. Dason, Shoe Findings, 1918 Seventh street northwest.

George Goldberg, 163 Pennsylvania avenue.
M. Garfinkle, 1117 Seventh street northwest.

J. Scheinerman & Son, 1230 12th street southeast.
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M. A. Harris, 810 Florida avenue northwest.

J. Fairfax, 1906 Pennsylvania avenue northwest.
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A. A. Viennas, 1115 Pennsylvania avenue.
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Arthur Martin, 105 Eighth street northwest.

National Shoe Manufacturing and Repair Company, 442 Ninth street.
W. A. Taylor, 1202 New York avenue.

Robert Harris, 906 11th street northwest.

A DARING BUCCANEER

Edward Thatch, Who Was Known as the Blackbeard Pirate.

HIS BATTLE WITH MAYNARD.

After the Hand to Hand Conflict the Desperate's Head Hung at the Bow-sprit End of the Lieutenant's Sloop as She Sailed Back to Virginia.

It is almost 200 years since Edward Thatch, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, was a name with which to terrorize the Atlantic coast of the then new country of America. As a buccaneer whose deeds of desperate daring made him feared wherever his name was known he stands a close rival of the famous Captain Kidd. If indeed in some respects he did not surpass that notorious freebooter.

The date of Thatch's birth is lost in history, and his native place is variously given as Bristol and Jamaica. He first appears as a foremast hand to Major Stede Bonnet, a gentleman of Barbados, who, although a man of property and having small knowledge of the sea, thought proper to fit out a sloop and take to a life of piracy, the explanation of his being "a little distracted" being charitably given by one biographer. However that may be, his crew missed in the major the qualities of a successful commander. They despised him and elected Thatch in his place. Bonnet was tried and executed in 1711.

Thatch's first independent exploit of which we have a detailed account took place in June, 1718, when he captured two French ships near the Bermudas, one laden with sugar, the other empty. Transferring to the latter the crew of the laden vessel and letting them go their way, he sailed with his prize of vessel and sugar for Bathtown, N. C., with the governor of which place, Charles Eden, he had previously arrived at a pleasant understanding.

Thatch gave out that he had found the French ship deserted. Governor Eden received sixty hogsheads of sugar as his share. Tobias Knight, his secretary, took twenty, and the remainder fell to Thatch and his crew. Thatch lingered there for some months, plundering and insulting the merchants of the place. These, understanding at length the futility of expecting redress from Eden, applied to the governor of Virginia to rid them of the pest.

The governor, after consultation with the captains of the Pearl and Lime, then lying in the James river, agreed to provide two sloops, the warships to furnish a complement of men. Lieutenant Maynard of the

Pearl was placed in command, and the punitive expedition sailed on Nov. 17, 1718. On the 21st the pirates were sighted in an inlet about sixty miles from Bathtown, and Maynard anchored for the night.

On the following morning Thatch, maneuvering to elude attack, ran his vessel aground, but Maynard's sloop, drawing more water, though she had no guns on board, failed to get to close quarters. The lieutenant, however, threw out his ballast and in answer to a truculent defiance from Thatch promised to be "soon aboard him with his sloop." Coming at last within close range, a broadside from the pirate killed or wounded twenty of Maynard's crew and nine on board his consort.

Maynard now ran alongside the pirate, when, under cover of a discharge of grenades, Thatch and fourteen followers boarded the king's ship. Maynard and Thatch, pistol and sword in hand, engaged in a desperate personal encounter. The lieutenant's sword broke, and more than once he narrowly escaped a fatal injury. But at last Thatch, having received sixteen wounds, fell dead in the act of cocking a pistol. His followers jumped overboard and cried for quarter. Maynard hung Thatch's head at the bowsprit end, sailed for Bathtown, where he seized the governor's storehouse, and then, still with his grisly sign of triumph swinging in the wind, rejoined his ship in Virginia, where thirteen of the captured pirates were hanged.

One of the Blackbeard's crew who obtained pardon was Israel Hands, who makes his appearance in "Treasure Island." Shortly before Thatch met his death Hands had been lamed for life by a pistol shot in the knee fired by Thatch from under the cabin table, at which he, with Hands and others, was carousing, just to remind his crew in general "who he was." Such an act was only one of the many eccentric brutalities of Thatch's career.

When he felt himself in the vein or was going into action his appearance was somewhat startling—his bushy black beard tied up with ribbons, the ends of which were thrown over his ears; a fur cap on his head, with a lighted match on either side, and three brace of pistols slung across his shoulder. Of the usual condition of himself and his crew much may be gathered from the fact that "our company somewhat sober" was a circumstance deemed worthy of note in the diary found after his death.—London Globe.

Not Yet.

"Do you desire a room with a bath?" asked the affable clerk.
"Gee whis, no!" replied the gentleman with the canvas telescope. "This is only Tuesday, ain't it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD CADIZ.

It Was Once Richer Than London, but Now Its Chief Business Is Only the Exportation of Salt.

Of Cadiz, De Amicis said, "It is best described by writing the word 'white' with a white pencil on blue paper." Under the noonday sun, seen from the lofty Torre de Vigia, the medieval watchtower in the center of the city, its buildings are dazzling and almost encircled by the blue sea. A long, narrow isthmus like the stem of a pipe leads from San Fernando, on the mainland. Cadiz rests on the bowl of the pipe—yes, a pure white meerschaum without coloring, though 8,000 years old.

Americans may justly regard this now decadent place with compassion, because it grew to greatness by its commerce with the new world—while Spain ruled the Americas—and then fell away into decay on the loss of the western possessions.

It was great before Rome was founded. And as late as 1770 it was wealthier than London. Commerce has ever been its life. Today its chief business is the production of salt for export. This humble staple, evaporated in countless shallow lagoons in wide spreading marshes, still keeps Cadiz in touch with the new world, as most of the salt is shipped to South America.

The natives pronounce Cadiz with "s" silent and "a" very broad—"Ca-dil." That has always been its name, with slight variations. Its Phoenician and Tyrian founders called it Gadir, a castle of fastness. The Romans called it Gades. The Arabs had it Kadis.—Detroit News-Tribune.

HER GREETING.

In Spite of the Old Lady's Care She Managed to Blunder.

The daughters of a certain charming old lady in Washington are frequently much upset by the odd social blunders of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to commit no faux pas and as she went downstairs was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face.
"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't?"
"No, Clara," replied the mother emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"
"Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know! When I greeted her I said: 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"—Harper's Weekly.

His Little Joke.

It was just two years after their wedding.

"George," she said romantically as she gazed at the fantastic pictures the red coals formed, "do you remember our courting days?"

George laughed teasingly.

"No, my dear. I do not."

She looked up with a hurt expression.

"George, do you mean to sit there and say you do not remember our courting days? Why, I am shocked at your coldness."

"No, dear; I do not remember our courting days because only night watchmen have to do their courting in the daytime. But I do remember our courting nights, and they were delightful, pet."

But she said he was too horrid for anything.—Chicago News.

Delaware's Circular Boundary.

The northern boundary line of Delaware is circular because the charter given to Penn states that Pennsylvania was to be "bounded on the east by the Delaware river from twelve miles distant north of Newcastle town until three and fortieth degree of north latitude" and that the southern boundary was to be "a circle drawn at twelve miles distant from the town of Newcastle northward and westward until the fortieth degree of north latitude and then by a straight line westward." This makes a circular boundary for northern Delaware unavoidable, and the facts above set forth explain a geographical curiosity that has puzzled many students.

Domestic Economy.

"Nora, was that the coal man I saw making love to you yesterday evening?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I 'ope, ma'am—"

"Does he love you very much, Nora?"

"E says 'e does, ma'am."

"Devotedly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you tell him that unless he gives us better weight than he has been doing we shall get our coal elsewhere."—London Illustrated Bits.

Within Her Means.

A pretty little girl of three years was in a drug store with her mother. Being attracted by something in the showcase, she asked what it was. The clerk replied, "That is a scent bag." "How cheap?" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!"—Lippincott's.

GIFT OF LANGUAGE.

The Man Who Is an Able Conversationalist Has the Advantage Over All Others.

There is no other one thing which enables us to make so good an impression, especially upon those who do not know us thoroughly, as the ability to converse well. A man who can talk well, who has the art of putting things in an attractive way, who can interest others immediately by his power of speech, has a very great advantage over one who may know more than he, but who cannot express himself with ease or eloquence.

You may be a good singer, a fine artist, you may have a great many accomplishments which people occasionally see or enjoy, you may have a very beautiful home and a lot of property which comparatively few people ever know about, but if you are a good converser every one you meet recognizes and appreciates your art. Everybody you converse with feels the influence of your skill and charm.

In other words, there is no accomplishment, no attainment which you can use so constantly and effectively which will give so much pleasure to your friends as fine conversation. There is no doubt that the gift of language was intended to be a much greater accomplishment than the majority of us have ever made of it.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

PAPER AND CANVAS.

An Anecdote of Turner, the Great Landscape Painter.

In a book entitled "Stories of the English Artists" R. Davies and C. Hunt tell an interesting anecdote of Turner, the great landscape painter. He disliked to part with his pictures and when he sold one invariably wore a look of dejection and oppression. If a friend asked him what was the matter he would sorrowfully explain, "I've lost one of my children this week."

Once a rich Birmingham manufacturer, Gillott by name, introduced himself to the painter and stated that he had come to buy.

"Don't want to sell" or some such laconic rebuff was the answer.

The manufacturer then drew from his pocket a bundle of banknotes, about £5,000 worth.

"Mere paper," observed Turner, with grim humor, a little softened, however, and evidently enjoying the joke.

"To be bartered for mere canvas," replied the persistent Gillott, waving his hand at the "Building of Calcutta" and its companions.

This tone of cool depreciation seemed to have a happy effect, and finally Gillott departed with some £5,000 worth of Turner's pictures.

A Strenuous Wooer.

"The Reminiscences of Bismarck" contains an account of his courtship. He was a young Prussian officer when he first met Johanna von Puttkamer, but he made application at once to her father for permission to pay his addresses. Agast at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead he wrote giving permission to pay a sort of "visit of inspection" at the Puttkamer home. Bismarck hastened to Reinfeld. The whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly, and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. With the swift, whirlwind decision that scored Bismarck his later political triumphs he carried the situation by storm. Galloping up the driveway, he leaped from his horse, ran forward and flung his arms around Johanna, taking no heed of her scandalized parents and catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of "probation" or "waiting." The betrothal was necessarily an accepted fact.

Satisfied Each Side.

Nearer seven feet tall than six was the father of the present earl of Enniskillen. He was a magistrate and a mighty fox hunter. He used to come to the "justice room" ready dressed for hunting quite early in the morning, in order to hear cases before he started off to the meet. His practice was to hear the plaintiff and then horse-whip the defendant, abusing him for behaving in such a blackguardly manner. Then he heard the defendant and afterward horsewhipped the plaintiff. It is said that both parties left the court perfectly satisfied, each saying that the other had been horsewhipped by his honor.—London Graphic.

How He Knew.

"My wife took me to the orchestra concert last night, and I think they played Wagner."

"What makes you think so?"
"Why, a big bunch of plaster fell from the ceiling into the middle aisle during the concert, and a man who was sleeping near me woke up and said 'Wagner!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Got It Free.

A good old preacher who had decided to leave an unremunerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this—you were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you have got it!"

Would Seem Not.

"In these stories of the middle ages we always read about the hero's good right arm."

"Well?"
"Was there never a southpaw knight?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The right word is always a power and communicates its definiteness to our action.—Ellot.

James H Winslow

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Is Your Hair Beautiful



Nelson's Hair Dressing
NELSON'S HAIR DRESSING is the finest hair pomade on the face of the earth for colored people. It makes your hair grow fast; it makes stubborn, kinky and tangled hair as soft and supple as silk. It makes it healthy. It keeps it from splitting or breaking off. It makes it rich and gives it that clean so longed for by all true ladies.
Use Nelson's Hair Dressing and you'll never have dandruff. Your head will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume.
Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce square tin boxes, like the lady holds in her hand. Drugstore and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postpaid. Go and buy it now, or sit right down and write us. Address
NELSON MANUFACTURING CO., Richmond, Va.
Live Agents Wanted. Write Quick for Terms.

HOLTMAN'S

OLD STANE

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

451 Penn. ave., N. W.
OUR \$2.50 AND \$3 SHOES ARE THE BEST MADE.
SIGN OF THE BIG BOOT.
WM. MORELAND, PROP.

J. A. PIERRE

Orders Delivered Promptly
J. A. PIERRE
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL, WOOD AND ICE
454 New York Avenue, N. W.

LA RODRICKER

1531 14th Street, N. W.
French Dressmaking
Ladies' Tailoring
Gentlemen's Repair Work Neatly Done
Fine Laces Carefully Cleaned
M. L. E. BELL

DROPPED IN AT RIGHT TIME

Burglar's Opportune Visit Enabled Woman to Rid Herself of Much Undesirable "Truck."

The burglar hesitated. Back of him was a sheer drop of 25 feet to the ground. In front of him was a determined woman, grasping in her hand a huge revolver. She covered him steadily.

"I won't shoot," she said, "if you will remain still."

She advanced upon him and poking the muzzle of the gun in his face reached into his pocket and pulled out his revolver.

"Come in."

The burglar obediently stepped inside the room. All his courage was gone.

"Sit down," said the woman. He sat down.

She got a huge ball of cord from her bureau and spent the next 20 minutes in tying him up.

Then she pointed out of the window. "Is that your wagon out there behind the barn?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman called her husband, who was hiding behind the baby's crib in the next room.

"Here, John," she said, "take some of this furniture out."

John came in and got to work. The burglar watched with curious eyes.

Suddenly his face blanched. He looked out of the window and saw in the light of the moon what John was carrying.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked.

The woman began cutting his cords.

"I'm going to load you up with all of the old eyeglasses that we have had in the house for these many years," she said, merrily—"all the furniture presented to us at Christmas by kind-hearted relatives, all the prizes we have taken at card parties, all the family portraits—everything that we have been simply dying to get rid of."

—Life.

Good Turn by the Ol' Clo' Man.

"That old clothes man back on the corner just now saved me the price of a new suit," remarked a young business man yesterday, on his way down Euclid avenue past the old Arcade.

"None. Guess again. I didn't sell him anything and I haven't any idea of buying a suit of second-hand clothes from him. But until I walked by him just then I was of the opinion that I would have to lay aside this last summer's suit I've been wearing and pay forty or fifty dollars for a new one. Now I've changed my mind. That fellow on the corner asked me: 'Got any ol' clo's to sell, mister?' I told him I didn't, and our conversation ended right there. But it was enough. He wouldn't ask a seedy-looking man if he had any old clothes for sale, would he? Naturally he'd think a shabbily-dressed person was wearing about the only clothes he owned and wouldn't want to part with those. The ones these old clothes people like to deal with are the dressy ducks—the boys that get a new suit every little while and dispose of the old ones for little or nothing. He must have thought I was that sort. So I judge this suit must stack up pretty well. I'll just make it do this summer for every day and take that forty or fifty dollars out of one pocket and put it in another."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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MODERN IDEAS IN TURKEY

Medical Practitioners Are No Longer Rigorously Excluded from the Harem.

The attitude of the hanoums to medical practitioners has changed much of recent years. Twenty or 30 years ago no Turkish woman would ever have submitted to a physical examination by a doctor. All he could have persuaded her to do would be to show him her tongue through a rent in the yashmak or let him touch her pulse from behind a heavy curtain and in presence, of course, of an argus-eyed eunuch or old female slave.

Any attempt to apply a stethoscope to the chest would have been spurned as an impudent presumption of western "barbarism." No matter how severe the illness the medical man could not go beyond certain strict limits of Islamic usage and traditional custom. Even in cases of imminent danger to life these scanty limits were never allowed to be overstepped, and the belief in the incantations of a priest and the house remedies of old, ignorant and superstitious women held unlimited sway and was always greater than the faith in the efficacy of medical skill and science.

This is now changing, and changing rapidly. There are of course still many exceptions where antiquated views and conceptions are fanatically adhered to and practised, but these become rarer and rarer with each advancing year. Many Turkish women will now when ill voluntarily call on a medical practitioner and never hesitate to submit themselves to a thorough physical examination.

The general public opinion on these matters among the Turks is fast altering for the better and only in very rare cases is there now any difficulty at all raised as to letting the hanoum submit to an examination with stethoscope or other instrument.

In the Chorus.

What's it like to be in the chorus? "Perfectly fascinating!" thinks the shopgirl as she measures off another yard of percale and pictures herself in pink tights.

"Awful!" remarks the prima donna with a look of disgust that forbids all reference to her own days among the spear carriers.

"Remunerative," suggests the cynic, recalling the inexhaustible supply of Pittsburgh millionaires ready to thrust riches upon the airy little fairies of the ballet.

"Dangerous," urges the moralist, with his mind on stage entrances and champagne suppers.

"Impossible!" snaps the woman in society.

"A foothold on the ladder to fame," declares the manager, wisely.

"Great!" says the chorus girl. That is translating freely into her own language.

It's great if she happens to be in right with an easy berth in a good company. But if she's lashed to a bum outfit where she has to hustle to corral three squares a day, it's rotten.

Women Get Wireless Fever.

Women who are now employed as operators in the "wire" companies are getting the wireless fever. Many are experimenting with home made apparatus, while others beseege the commercial wireless companies for jobs.

The manager of one Chicago station says he has had to refuse a number of women applicants in the last few months. "They come," he says, "with only a smattering of the knowledge necessary, and are indignant when refused jobs as operators. Even the few who have acquired sufficient skill I will not employ because they are too prone to be temperamental and under the tension which the operators' work would acquire 'nerves' too quickly."

"There is perhaps only one woman who is a wireless operator on a boat. She is on one of the Pacific boats running between San Francisco and Seattle."

Making a Railway Man Work.

E. J. Naylor, general agent of the Hawley lines, at Los Angeles, was in the city last week on business, and while on his way to the Flood building Thursday left his suitcase in the office of the Canadian Pacific. The boys in the office loaded it with lead pipe, and when Naylor got the suitcase later in the afternoon and walked with it to the Marx hotel nearly every railroad man on the row walked behind and watched the struggle.

"Gee, I only got about two collars and three ties in this, but it is heavy!" he said when he was about three blocks from the Marx.

"Well, it gets heavier the longer you pack it," volunteered J. R. Holcomb of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient.

Naylor didn't open the grip until the next day, and since that time he has been looking for the Canadian Pacific agents with a piece of lead pipe in his hand.—San Francisco Call.

Emigration of Children From England.

The other day two large parties of children left Liverpool by the Allan liner Corsican, Captain Cook, for Quebec, says the London Times. One party, consisting of boys and girls, was from the Birt home, and the children were under the care of Miss Birt, who traveled in the ship. This lady has been engaged for 37 years in rescuing children and has taken out over 6,000 and settled them in the Dominion of Canada. The party in the Corsican was the eighty-first which has gone out under the auspices of the home.

Always Late.

They had gone to a theater at eight and found it empty. The people strolled in about half after, and by nine the house was filled.

The next night they went to a club dinner at seven, and the diners arrived at half after eight and nine.

It was the same at a five-o'clock tea that did not start until seven.

"I believe," he said, "that these New Yorkers would come in late to their own funerals."—New York Press.

ANSWERED THE LETTER.

A Politician Won a Bet That American Statesmen Reply to Courteous Letters From the Humblest Citizens.

There is, or was a few years ago, a neatly framed letter hanging in the consulting room of a Brooklyn doctor which he found in his mail one winter morning. It ran as follows:

Princeton, Jan. 12, 1898.
Dear Sir—I cheerfully accede to your request and acknowledge the compliment paid to my wife and daughter by bestowing their names upon your own twin daughters, and I hope these children may be spared to be of constant comfort to their parents. Sincerely yours,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The young doctor's brain whirled. Being a bachelor and having no acquaintance with the former president, he could not understand it at all.

The mystery was solved when a friend of the doctor's, a Brooklyn politician, met him. The politician had made a bet with a cynical acquaintance that any American statesman would personally reply to a courteous letter from the humblest of his countrymen. The cynic took him up and named Grover Cleveland. The terms of the bet were that the answer to a letter mailed on Jan. 8 must be received before Jan. 25. Signing the young doctor's name, the politician wrote of how his marriage had been blessed by twin daughters. Would it be asking too much for an autograph letter to frame which the sweet twins could look upon and read when they grew up and cherish ever afterward?

Mr. Cleveland courteously and promptly answered the letter, and the politician won his bet.—New York Tribune.

CORRECT SPELLING.

There Was a Time When It Was Not Considered Important.

The art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent repute. Time was when men and women did not care, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Mme. de Sevigne, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name, while it was remarked by Mme. de Maintenon that at the College of St. Cyr much precious time was wasted in learning how to spell.

It remained, however, for the Empress Eugenie in 1868 at Compiègne to put to a practical test the spelling standard which obtained even among the highest literary authorities. Thus under the pretext of a theme proposed to them for an examination a number of French academicians took down from dictation a composition by Prosper Merimee. Not one "immortal" wrote without mistake.

As to the empress, she could not understand so many faults being made until it was conveyed to her that she herself from the same dictation was responsible for no less than ninety. The emperor, again, made sixty. It is but fair to add, however, that the dictation was compiled expressly with a view to focusing the difficulties not only of spelling, but grammar.—Harper's Weekly.

A Versatile Parisian.

A quaint Parisian character was Mlle. Montanier, an actress, who, while on the stage one night, heard Marie Antoinette say, "How good that cabbage soup they are eating smells!" The actress took a bowl round to the royal box and that night supped with Marie Antoinette, an honor to which the highest nobles in France dared not aspire, thence in due course becoming manager of the fetes at Versailles. Later she was a sort of queen of the Palais Royal and sent to the war a band of actors who performed farces between two battles. She obtained 8,000,000 francs from the revolutionary government, almost married Napoleon—or so Barras said—and had her last love affair when she was eighty-five. When she died she bequeathed all her creditors to the king of France.

A Heroic Slave.

There was a humble slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The caliph had in his audience chamber twenty rare vases, and it was written in the laws of Bagdad that he who should have the misfortune to break one of these would pay the penalty with his life. This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than the slave turned, and, walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arm destroyed them all.

"Wretch," the caliph thundered, "why have you done that barbarous deed?"

"To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow countrymen," the doomed slave replied.

Munich an Artistic Leader.

Munich is in great part a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how artfully and lovingly she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years and why such geniuses as Lebach, Von Uhde, Schwanthaler, Orlandi and Lassio and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.—Robert Haven Schausser in Century.

The Desire For Appearance.

The Village Grocer (peevishly)—Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples in the top of the bar? The Honest Farmer (cheerily)—What makes you comb that long scalp lock over your bald spot?—Puck.

Paid.

Miss Belle (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why didn't you?—Life.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

ROYAL MAIDS.

It is They Who Must Always Do the Proposing When They Wish to Marry.

When a reigning queen is to be married she must be the one to broach the subject first to her future consort. The same rule holds good with regard to all royal ladies who marry commoners.

The late Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties and the distant landscape and then said, "All this may be yours." The queen of Holland on a like occasion simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look out its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings. The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of trifles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he had picked for her at various times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.—London Answers.

ADENOIDS.

The Way These Growths Endanger the Health of Children.

Adenoids are curious little cauliflower-like growths which appear at the junction of the nasal cavity and the pharynx. They are often observed at birth, but they seldom cause discomfort until some months later. Then they interfere with respiration and cause the baby to be restless. It comes in its sleep and awakens suddenly, crying out as if in distress.

If adenoids are permitted to remain they deform the mouth, teeth, throat, chest and face. At their worst they produce pop eyes and what is called a frog face. They cause mouth breathing, with all its attendant evils. They open the way for a hundred and one ills, from rupture of the eardrum, running from the ears, coughs and tonsillitis to pulmonary tuberculosis.

A slight operation suffices to remove them. The baby suffers little pain and loses little blood. Out they come, and with them the overgrown tonsils that commonly accompany them. If they are suffered to remain they may never be discovered. But it is certain that in one way or another, directly or indirectly, they will cause damage.—Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg in Delmarator.

Yarmouth's Narrow Street.

Kitty Witches row, Great Yarmouth, can justly claim to be the narrowest street in the world, the entrance at one end being only twenty-nine inches and at the other fifty-six inches. It gives some idea of the width when one mentions that neighbors can shake hands and put out each other's candles across the street! Why these rows have been so constructed has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Some writers give the reason that when there was a very high tide the water might flow through them; others, in the event of an invasion they would prove an excellent means of defense or that the ground plans of the rows were suggested by the fishermen's nets, which, spread on the dunes to dry, had a narrow pathway left between them, which represented the rows. Yarmouth has 145 rows, and their total length exceeds seven miles. Kitty Witches being the most interesting and the narrowest of all.

How Faraday Refused a Pension.

Lord Melbourne once announced to Faraday that it was his pleasing duty to offer him a pension, but, he added, "I suppose all this science is humbug." Faraday at once replied, "If that is your opinion, my lord, I decline the pension," and retired. Melbourne, on meeting some of his colleagues, said: "I have had a strange thing happen. A man has declined a pension." But these gentlemen knew Faraday's position and reputation better than the premier and urged him to rectify the blunder. Faraday was again interviewed, but Melbourne was obliged to retract and apologize before the pension was accepted.

London Snowstorms.

The purifying effect of a snowstorm on city air was shown in London by experiments which demonstrated five times the amount of impurities on week days, when all the factories are active, as on Sundays. It was figured out that nevertheless a single Sunday snowstorm carried to the surface of the county of London 75 tons of dissolved solids, 142 tons of suspended matters, 100 tons of coal, 25 tons of salt and a ton of ammonia.—London Chronicle.

A Sudden Start.

"You used to go to school with Coppens, the new millionaire, didn't you?" "I did. Fact is, I gave him his first start in life."

"How?"

"With a bent pin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On His Birthday.

He—The worst thing about me is my nose. I've got such a beastly one. She—You shouldn't say such things about a gift. He—A gift? I—ah—don't understand. She—Wasn't it a birthday present?—New York Journal.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

John H. Myers, Attorney.
SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, holding Probate Court. No. 17388, Administration. This is to give notice: That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, Letters of Administration on the estate of George W. Edwards, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 23d day of December, A. D. 1911; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23d day of December, 1910.
(Seal) **JAMES H. DABNEY,**
Third St. N. W.

Attest: **JAMES TANNER,** Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
JOHN H. MYERS, Attorney.

Thomas Walker, Attorney.
SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, holding Probate Court. No. 17626, Administration. This is to give notice: That the subscriber, of the State of Virginia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, Letters of Administration on the estate of Lucy Strothers, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 4th day of January, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 4th day of January, 1911. **NASH WRIGHT,** Shenandoah, Va. Attest (Seal): **JAMES TANNER,** Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court. **THOMAS WALKER, Attorney.**

JAS. F. BUNDY, ATTORNEY.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court—No. 17685, Administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of the District of Columbia, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of William Johnson, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of January, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 18th day of January, 1911.

JAMES F. BUNDY,
No. 420 5th St. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Attest: **JAMES TANNER,** Register of Wills of the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
JAS. F. BUNDY, Attorney.

THE ENTIRE RACE THROWN INTO MOURNING BY THE DEATH OF BISHOP ABRAM GRANT, D. D., AND WIFE.

The A. M. E. Connection Loses One of Its Ablest Bishops.

The End Came to Mrs. Lula B. Grant Saturday Night, Jan. 14. Death of Bishop Grant Follows a Week Later, Sunday Morning, Fifteen Minutes After Ten.

Special correspondence by E. Edw. Vaughan, Jan. 22, 1911.
Friends, both white and colored, throughout the entire country were surprised beyond measure to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Grant, wife of Bishop Abram Grant, of the Fifth Episcopal district. Death was caused by an apoplectic stroke, and came just after the departed had taken the Lord's Supper with her beloved husband, who was himself lying dangerously ill at the time. The sacrament was given by Bishop Benjamin F. Lee. The end came at 8:15 p. m. at the Episcopal residence, 532 Washington Boulevard. Funeral services were immediately arranged, and were held Tuesday, Jan. 17, in the First A. M. E. Church, Eighth street and Nebraska avenue, this city, to which church Mrs. Grant belonged. The services were conducted by Rt. Rev. H. Blanton Parks, Bishop of the Twelfth A. M. E. district, who was assisted by Rt. Rev. Benjamin F. Lee, Bishop of the Seventh Episcopal district, who delivered the funeral address. The choir opened the services by singing "Asleep in Jesus." Appropriate passages of scripture were then read by both Bishop Parks and the Rev. Dr. E. Arlington Wilson, pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church, this city. Miss E. E. Grant, of the department of music of Western University, sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." She sang so sweetly and softly that the entire audience sat in suspense and in reverence before the bier of the deceased. One was reminded that one had come not to weep and mourn over a departed soul, but to pay last tribute to one who had during a whole lifetime strived to do what her Master desired of her.

Resolutions were offered by the Ministerial Alliance, the Interdenominational Alliance, the ministers and laity of both the Fourth and Fifth Episcopal districts, the pastors and members of the First A. M. E. Church, Western University (whose students attended in a body), the general officers of the A. M. E. Church and by the Bishops' Council. Many telegrams of condolence were received, and a long list of these were read.

Bishop Lee took his text from 1 Cor. iv: 16-18. His address was a funeral oration, and doubtless one of the greatest sermons those present at the funeral ever heard delivered.

Bishop Parks followed with a few remarks, and again repeated that we had come not to weep over the dead, but, as we took our last farewell look, to think on her life in its purity and endeavor to follow more closely in the steps of Jesus.

The Rev. Dr. William H. Peck, pastor of the Allen Chapel A. M. E. Church in Kansas City, Mo., sang a

beautiful solo hymn at the close of the sermon. Prof. R. G. Jackson and Miss Beulah Douglas, of the department of music of Western University, assisted in the music.

At the close of the services the body was carried to Woodlawn Cemetery, where the last funeral rites were conducted and the body placed in a vault.

Mrs. Grant died at the age of 58 years. At the age of 18 she professed a hope in Christ and joined the church at Lakeview, Fla. She was married twice, the first time to Bishop Armstrong, who died shortly after he had been elected to the Bishopric. On Oct. 3, 1902, at Wilberforce University, she was married to Bishop Grant, to whom she remained faithful until death separated them a few short evenings ago.

At this point news comes that Bishop Grant passed away a few moments ago after a lingering illness which confined him to his couch during the last two or three months. A most remarkable type of man, with a strong will power. At the time of the death of his wife, the Bishop was almost in the Death Angel's arms. Upon hearing of his wife's death, though he took it hard, he rallied through it, and immediately set to thinking how he might attend the funeral of his dearly beloved wife. Finding it impossible, he urged that he must live long enough to change his will, and immediately Dr. John Hurst, his administrator (Washington, D. C.) was wired to come at once. The Bishop lived to change his will.

Bishop Grant was born Aug. 24, 1847, near Lake City, Fla., and was almost 64 years of age at his death. He had been in the ministry for the last 39 years, and received his ministerial training from several Bishops and clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), who were attracted by his brightness during the earlier years of his life, when he was employed as head waiter in one of the leading hotels of Jacksonville, Fla. After a short study of theology, he was ordained a minister, and 16 years later was made a Bishop of the A. M. E. Church. In 1904 he became Bishop of this diocese, and for the past seven years has lived in this city. While his diocese embraces only States west of the Mississippi River, he wielded great influence over the entire race.

The Bishop had no years of declining power. Year by year he became recognized as a leader. He and Dr. Booker T. Washington had become recognized as the race's two foremost leaders, and both have served on many prominent boards directing the education of the Negro in the Southland. Together they were members of the Trustee Board of the \$1,000,000 James Fund given for the education of the rural Negro. He was head of the financial department of the A. M. E. Church, and was to have presided over the next general conference of the A. M. E. Church, to be held in Kansas City, Mo., in 1912.

The Bishop was, by virtue of his position, President of both the State and Church boards of Western University. He last visited this institution in the fall of last year at the time of the November meetings of the boards. Being unable to ascend the stairs to the main chapel, the students appeared in dress parade while he viewed them from a convenient position. Immediately afterward he went to his home, where his illness confined him till death. Owing to his illness, the boards met at the Episcopal residence, where he would lie down and rest a while until all the business had been transacted and the meetings adjourned.

Shortly after Bishop Lee, Bishop Parks and others had broken sacrament to him and his wife she became suddenly ill, and, hearing the hurrying of persons through the halls, Bishop Grant realized that her case was serious, and insisted on knowing just how his wife might be getting along. At first those around him feared to tell him of her death an hour after the sacrament, but he insisted that the sudden rush in the house meant a turn in affairs, and he must know of her condition. He rallied through the terrible moment, and then set to thinking how he might attend the funeral, which, of course, was impossible.

Here he found it necessary to change his will. Immediately his administrator, Dr. John Hurst, of Washington, D. C., was wired to come at once. Meanwhile the Bishop was becoming somewhat better; but after the arrival of his administrator and his affairs had been finally straightened out for the last time, he lapsed into his former state, with a still greater pain in his side.

The Bishop was, during all his illness, cheerful and sometimes even a bit of humor was evident. Bishop Grant was a strict grammarian, thoroughly polished, despite the fact that his years of academic training in the school room were few. He often would comment on the old and new fashioned ways of pronunciation. About the last bit of humor shown by him was a few moments before his death, when one of the brethren came into his chamber and asked: "Well, Bishop, would you like to lay down?" The Bishop had been suffering, and suffered to the last moment with an intensely severe pain in his side. To relieve it somewhat he was sitting in his bed. "No," the Bishop replied; "but I would like to lie down."

When it became evident that the Bishop's life was numbered in days, he began to make out his funeral program. The funeral services proper were held at 10 o'clock the following day (Thursday), and immediately after the services were concluded the body was taken to San Antonio, Tex., where a general program has been arranged and where the body will be interred. The body of Mrs. Grant will be taken from the vault in Woodlawn Cemetery Thursday, and with the body of Bishop Grant carried to San Antonio. The two bodies will be interred together.

The Bishop and wife left no immediate relatives; hence the entire family is now gone. The Bishop leaves a brother and a sister. Mrs. Grant leaves four sisters and a number of nieces and nephews.

The personal holdings of the family

Christian Xander's
RIP Van Winkle
GIN
Finest imported gin obtainable. \$1.25 full qt.
Only obtainable at
The Family Quality House
909 7th St. Phone M. 274
No Branch Houses



FORD'S
HAIR POMADE

THE OLD RELIABLE DRESSING FOR KINKY OR CURLY HAIR. IT'S USE MAKES STUBBORN, HARSH HAIR SOFTER, MORE PLIABLE AND GLOSSY, EASY TO COMB AND PUT UP IN ANY STYLE THE LENGTH WILL PERMIT. WRITE FOR TESTIMONIES, TELLING HOW THIS REMARKABLE REMEDY MAKES SHORT, KINKY HAIR GROW LONG AND WAVY. BEST POMADE ON THE MARKET FOR DANDRUFF, ITCHING OF THE SCALP AND FALLING OUT OF THE HAIR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, GET THE GENUINE, PUT UP IN 25¢ AND 50¢ BOTTLES WITH CHARLES FORD'S NAME ON EVERY PACKAGE.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
IF YOUR DRUGGIST CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WE WILL SEND IT TO YOU DIRECT AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES. SMALL SIZED BOTTLE, 25¢; LARGE SIZED BOTTLE, 50¢. THE OZONIZED OX MARROW CO. 216 LAKE ST. DEPT. 15 CHICAGO, ILL. AGENTS WANTED.

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In the
U. S. COURT HOUSE

—We give the best meals and have the coolest and most pleasant dining room in summer and the warmest in winter.

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are estimated at \$35,000. Bishop Parks, of the Twelfth Episcopal district, will assume charge of the Fifth Episcopal district until the meeting of the general conference in 1912.

EIGHTH GRADE TO THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Interesting Exercises in the Several Divisions.

The graduating exercises in the public schools of pupils promoted from the eighth grade to the high schools were held last Tuesday (Jan. 31) at the various elementary schools. Each child received a certificate to the effect that he has completed successfully the eighth grades of the elementary schools. The programs as announced by the various supervising principals are as follows:

TENTH DIVISION.
Eighth Grade, Myrtilla Miner School.

Chorus, "Prayer."
Quotation, "Believing in Our Work"—Class.
Essay, "Class Pledge."
Chorus, "Love's Old Sweet Song."
Address—Dr. W. B. Evans.
Music, Instrumental.
Presentation of Diplomas—Mr. T. J. Callaway.
Chorus, "Centennial Hymn."
Presiding Officer, J. C. Nalle, Supervising Principal.



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TENTH DIVISION.
Briggs School, E. F. Wilson, Principal

Graduation Exercises, 2 to 3 p. m. Program.

National Hymn—School.
Remarks—Principal.

Instrumental Selection—Master Ernest Hays.

"Gems of Thought," by Ada Bundy, Emma Summerville, Bessie Ware and William H. Jackson.

Song, "Building," by the School.

Recitation, "The Builders,"—Helen Bell.

Valedictory—Charles Hays

Address to Graduates—Mr. R. R. Horner.

Music, "Just a Song at Twilight,"—School.

Presentation of Certificates.

ELEVENTH DIVISION.
Marion P. Shadd, Principal.

Mr. R. R. Horner, Member of Board of Education, D. C., presiding.

Invocation—Rev. I. N. Ross.

Chorus, "Psalm to Labor"—Graduating Class.

Solo, "Life's a Game of Checkers"—Alonzo J. Collins, Garrison School.

Recitation, "Forward"—Dorothy Mines, Bruce School.

Declaration, "The Goal"—Irene Mahoney, Cook School.

Piano Solo, "Twilight Meditation"—Percy A. Griffith, Slater School.

Recitation, "Work"—Alonzo J. Collins, Garrison School.

Recitation, "The Ladder of St. Augustine"—Mary L. Bowler, Garrison School.

Piano Solo, "Narcissus"—Berdell A. Booser.

Address—Rev. Walter H. Brooks, D. D.

Awarding Certificates—Mr. R. C. Bruce, Assistant Superintendent of Schools.

Chorus, "Love's Old Sweet Song"—Graduating Class.

TWELFTH DIVISION.

Graduation Exercises Held at the Logan School, Jan. 31, 1911.

Program.

Invocation.

Chorus, "Psalm to Labor."

Address and Presentation of Diplomas—Dr. W. S. Montgomery, Supervising Principal.

Solo, Selected—Miss V. E. Williams.

Chorus, "Love's Old Sweet Song"—Benediction.

THIRTEENTH DIVISION.

S-B Schools. Bell School.

Invocation.

Opening Chorus, "National Hymn."

Remarks—Presiding Officer.

Chorus, "A Merry Life"—Graduating Class.

Address—Dr. W. J. Howard.

Solo, Selected—Miss M. A. Murray.

Awarding of Certificates—Dr. C. W. Childs.

Chorus, "Love's Old Sweet Song"—Benediction.

J. E. Walker, Supervising Principal.

Another Special Feature.

Prof. J. Hillary Taylor, the well-known musician and music teacher, will contribute weekly articles on music. Prof. Taylor is a man well versed in music, and no doubt his articles will be more than interesting to the music people. This week Prof. Taylor chats on "Pianos and piano study."

The next one will be "The relation of parent, pupil and teacher." Other subjects which will follow from time to time are: "Making the music lesson interesting," "Musical literature we should know," "The value of theoretical study," "Biographical sketches of great musicians," "The orchestra and orchestral instruments," "Hints for the organization of music clubs," "How choral societies elevate a community," "Chamber music—its study and influence," "Music history," "Music in America," "Negro folk songs," "Youth and opportunity," "Importance of form in music," "Major and minor scale construction," "Songs and song writers," "Negro Song writers," "S. Coleridge Taylor and his works," "Negro violinists, pianists, singers and organists," "Music at Tuskegee Institute," "Why should not Negro musicians organize?" "Washington Conservatory of Music and School of Expression," "Music in Africa," "Our musical condition," "The pedals of the piano—Their use and abuse," etc.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS SUED.

Must Pay Judgment of \$50 and Costs.
The Crispus Attucks, a benevolent benevolent organizations in this city, was sued for nonpayment of sick benefits in the Municipal Court Tuesday morning by Attorney George M. Ambler, committee for his brother, Edward M. Ambler. Edward M. Ambler is sick in the hospital, and his brother was appointed by the Sunday one of the most representative



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preme Court of the District of Columbia a committee for his brother's estate. He has been sick for some time, and the evidence was that the committee had notified the organization of the sickness of his brother and it would pay no attention to the demands for payment, which amounted to \$50, ten weeks' benefits; that he (the committee) had paid regularly the monthly dues for his brother; that he had furnished two doctors' certificates and the organization had paid no attention to them; that he had filed a certified copy of his appointment by the court as the committee at the request of Mr. Naylor, and still no attention was paid to it; that after the sick committee and the organization had been informed of his brother's sickness no attention was paid to the claim. Attorneys T. L. Jones and Marjorie T. Clinkscales represented Mr. Ambler and Attorney Royal Hughes represented the Crispus Attucks organization. At the conclusion of the presentation of the claims of both sides, Judge Strider, before whom the case was tried, scored the organization and gave judgment for

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the plaintiff in the sum of \$50 and costs.

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